

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The Solution?

IT would be comforting to believe that Col Nasser and Mr Ben-Gurion have given the United Nations Secretary-General something more than a purely formal assurance that Egypt and Israel will "unconditionally" abide by their armistice agreement which bans warlike or hostile acts against each other. Unfortunately there is nothing to promote such confidence.

Their own declarations to Mr Hammarskjold belie really honest intentions. "Unconditional" is, in the same breath, qualified by the claim that they must hold the right to act in self-defence. This condition makes non-sensical their fervent assurance of strictly abiding by the terms of the Egyptian-Israeli armistice agreement.

Both sides are almost daily guilty of aggression, and both immediately insist they are acting only in self-defence. The solemn armistice agreement is made into a scrap of worthless paper. Thus the world cannot accept, doubt free, the promises that Egypt and Israel will unconditionally abide by their obligations.

THIS being so it becomes urgently necessary for all those interested in the maintenance of peace in the Middle East to devise some new method of preventing the Arabs and Israelis in turn indulging in pin-pricking military adventures.

The United Nations theoretically has the machinery to accomplish this, but in practice its authority and effectiveness is highly doubtful. Britain, France and America are pledged to defend the Israel-Arab frontiers against aggression from either side, but hesitate to fulfil this responsibility at the present time for fear of inciting the Soviet bloc into going to the "aid" of any of the contestants.

The solution may lie in the proposal which Sir Anthony Eden is reported ready to present to the Soviet leaders next week that the existing tripartite guarantee pact be extended to include Russia, thus giving the Big Four the equally shared responsibility of preserving the peace of the Middle East.

Hammarskjold Has 8-Point Peace Plan For Arab-Israeli Dispute

EGYPT READY TO ACCEPT

Throw S. Africa Out Of The Commonwealth Urges Priest

London, Apr. 13. Father Trevor Huddleston, the Anglican priest and outspoken opponent of South Africa's racial segregation policy, said here tonight that he would like South Africa "thrown or shown" out of the British Commonwealth.

He was speaking at London airport on his arrival from New York.

"I do not want her to walk out," he added. "I would like it to happen before that."

Father Huddleston, who is 43, has returned to Britain to take over the position of novice master of the Anglican community of the Resurrection.

Father Huddleston told the reporters that South Africa's racial policies had been fairly consistent for a long time.

"But since the present government came into power it has applied those policies far more ruthlessly, with more determination and with much greater hardship to the African people. This immensely powerful and ruthless pressure from the government could result in the wrong kind of explosive reaction—and that is something we must all try to avoid."

"Therefore I believe it is most necessary that the present government in South Africa should be broken—and the quicker the better."

Father Huddleston, wearing the severe black robe of his order, said that democracy in Africa must be promoted by letting the Africans share it.

"At the moment they have no share in it whatever," he added.

—China Mail Special.

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Everything Now Depends On Israel

Cairo, Apr. 13. Egypt has "virtually accepted," subject to similar Israeli agreement, an 8-point programme proposed by United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold to ease border tension between the two countries, a high official source revealed today.

There were only minor Egyptian qualifications to the plan Mr Hammarskjold discussed with Prime Minister Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser, the source said, and they concerned direct contacts between local Egyptian and Israeli military leaders at the border posts.

The text of Egypt's acceptance, the source said, is being drafted by Egyptian military experts for presentation to Mr Hammarskjold at his meeting tomorrow with Col. Nasser.

Mr Hammarskjold, the official said, probably will go to Tel-Aviv from here in an effort to secure Israeli acceptance of the programme. If he failed in Tel-Aviv, he probably would return here for further discussions, the source added.—United Press.

May Bid For Soviet Co-operation

Washington, Apr. 13. There is increasing discussion in diplomatic circles here of the possibility of making a bid to the Soviet Union for increased co-operation with the Western Powers within the United Nations to restore peace in Palestine.

Officials today emphasised that there was no suggestion that the Big Four talks should be held between the Soviet and Western Powers outside the United Nations or that the Big Four should undertake any joint action outside the United Nations.

The Eisenhower administration is still placing its hopes for ending Arab-Israeli hostilities in bringing about a settlement through the machinery of the UN without the necessity for action outside it.

VETO DANGER

But it is realistically recognised here that the Soviet Union by the use of its veto in the UN Security Council could obstruct or delay Western efforts to reach a settlement through the United Nations.

A direct request to the Soviet Union at this time for its co-operation in these efforts might, it is thought, elicit a favourable response, and might deter the Soviet Union from the use of the veto later on at least place the Soviet leaders in a position in which it would be more difficult for them to use it without encouraging doubts of the sincerity of their new posture as conciliators and peace-mongers.

The Soviet Union, with its large surplus of military supplies, is also in a position to exercise considerable influence in the area, particularly upon Egypt, now receiving considerable military supplies from behind the Iron Curtain.

Next week's talks between the British and Soviet leaders would give the impression that the Three Powers were preparing to act independently of the United Nations and neither the Eisenhower administration nor the United States Congress is willing to commit the United States to such action until every possibility of United Nations action has been exhausted.—China Mail Special.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

- P. 5: London's Teddy Boys: our new series by Robert Edwards; Is a Scotsman British? Yorke Henderson reports a controversial point that arose in an election campaign.
- P. 6: Who are the enemies of Sir Anthony Eden? by Richard Strong; The Vengeance of Private Pooley, continued.
- P. 7: Majdany meets Monroe, the story of the most amazing deal in film history.
- P. 8: The First Test pilot, a world's strangest story, by Harry Harper.
- P. 13: Les Armour spotlights the personality of Nikita Khrushchev.
- P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Cameramen Banned From Palace By Rainier

Monaco, Apr. 13. Prince Rainier of Monaco tonight barred all photographers from his palace a few hours after one of them had placed himself in front of the prince's car to take a picture of the couple.

If the prince's ban is maintained only two Monegasque government photographers would be admitted to the civil wedding in the throne room next Wednesday.

Prince Rainier, who has already exchanged angry words with newsmen since he returned from his American visit, described the action of the Paris evening newspaper photographer as "intolerable."

THE INCIDENT

The incident occurred while about 50 cameramen waited near the villa of his sister, Princess Antoinette, just over the French frontier this afternoon where he lunched with his parents, fiancée and her family.

As the 32-year-old Prince drove down a slope from the villa towards the main Riviera coastal road, the photographer flung himself into the ground in the path of the big green Chrysler. Prince Rainier braked violently.

Other photographers flashed their camera bulbs at the couple in the front seat. The photographer was bumped slightly by a wing of the car and scraped his hand as he got up.

Prince Rainier scowled angrily as the photographer struggled to his feet and recovered his camera. But his fiancée smiled. In a blunt statement tonight, the prince said: "There are limits that good behaviour should not pass—for it then becomes indiscreet."

"Some of you, in order to get a sensational picture today, did not hesitate to indulge in intolerable practices. But the excesses of the few oblige measures to be taken which hurt the entire profession."

ACCESS FORBIDDEN

"Access to the palace is therefore forbidden to photographers henceforth. Only two official photographers will be admitted."

When he arrived for the luncheon, Prince Rainier refused to be photographed with Grace.

"This is private property," he said. "If you don't go away I shall call the French police."

Prince Rainier last month sprang out of his car in Paris and shook his fist at a photographer who was leading a procession of press cars which pursued him through a suburban wood.—Reuter.

Aborigine A Victim Of Black Magic

Darwin, Apr. 13.

A 19-year-old Australian aborigine, Lya Wulumu, is in an iron lung in Darwin hospital fighting for his life after his mother-in-law got witch-doctors to "sing him to death."

Wulumu was flown to Darwin on Tuesday from the "Xirika" mission in Arnhemland in a weak condition. He could not swallow. On Wednesday he stopped breathing and was put in an iron lung. Each time he is taken out, his breathing stops.

Wulumu told a Methodist minister at his bedside to pray for him. "I am finished," he gasped.

BOOMERANG STOLEN

Doctors have examined him thoroughly, but can find nothing physically wrong with him. Last week, witch-doctors stole Wulumu's boomerang and spear and put them in a ceremonial hollow tree for the "singing to death" ceremony. The witch-doctors then placed Wulumu's boomerang high in the tree as a sign that he had been successfully sung to death.

When Wulumu was shown his weapons, he became sick, growing weaker and weaker.—France-Press.

Policeman Killed In Demonstration

Copenhagen, Apr. 13.

A 40-year-old policeman was killed and another person seriously injured in demonstrations at Aalborg today by Danish workers. Clashes between workers and the police occurred during workers' demonstrations against legislation voted by Parliament today in an effort to put an end to the month-long strikes.—France-Press.

Nicosia Ambush

Nicosia, Apr. 13.

One British soldier was killed and two others were reported injured today when gunmen ambushed two British army vehicles on a mountain road southwest of Nicosia.

The two army cars were climbing the road to Pedoulas village when the first car was blown up by a mine in a culvert. Gunmen then opened small arms fire on the second vehicle.—France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	RACE 1	By "The Turf"	RACE 1
Ambition		Ambition	
Iping		Iping	
Half Moon Bay		Half Moon Bay	
Outsider:—Quicksilver.		Outsider:—	
RACE 2	RACE 2	RACE 2	RACE 2
Bengal Lancer		Bengal Lancer	
Clash		Clash	
Eagle King		Eagle King	
Outsider:—Every Day.		Outsider:—	
RACE 3	RACE 3	RACE 3	RACE 3
Green Velvet		Green Velvet	
Rowanglen		Rowanglen	
Boyne		Boyne	
Outsider:—Thunder Sky.		Outsider:—	
RACE 4	RACE 4	RACE 4	RACE 4
Tell Me Tonight		Tell Me Tonight	
Hongkong Diamond		Hongkong Diamond	
Oscar Frizo		Oscar Frizo	
Outsider:—Norse King.		Outsider:—	
RACE 5	RACE 5	RACE 5	RACE 5
Yin Chi		Yin Chi	
Precious Gem		Precious Gem	
Free Kick		Free Kick	
Outsider:—Oceanic Sky.		Outsider:—	
RACE 6	RACE 6	RACE 6	RACE 6
Amusement		Amusement	
Chinese Mackere		Chinese Mackere	
Hellzapoppin		Hellzapoppin	
Outsider:—Jettied.		Outsider:—	
RACE 7	RACE 7	RACE 7	RACE 7
Dilkoesh		Dilkoesh	
Ben Lawery		Ben Lawery	
Queenpots		Queenpots	
Outsider:—Spanish Fan		Outsider:—	
RACE 8	RACE 8	RACE 8	RACE 8
Miracle		Miracle	
Fox Hunter		Fox Hunter	
Encore		Encore	
Outsider:—Santa Claus.		Outsider:—	
RACE 9	RACE 9	RACE 9	RACE 9
Jemima P.		Jemima P.	
Outsider		Outsider	
Tonyber		Tonyber	
Outsider:—Full Ahead.		Outsider:—	
RACE 10	RACE 10	RACE 10	RACE 10
Raja		Raja	
Johnber		Johnber	
Gabriel Jinks		Gabriel Jinks	
Outsider:—Winsome.		Outsider:—	

TODAY'S TEASER TIP
For the 8th race
Neither starboard nor port
The teaser tip for the last meeting was Strathlin which placed third and paid \$10.

Mollet's Ceasefire In Algeria Move

Paris, Apr. 13. French Premier Guy Mollet today made the most specific move yet towards a ceasefire in Algeria when he said his government would authorise "local contacts" between French military authorities and the rebels.

Mollet said the government would accord guarantees to those rebels who accepted to lay down their arms, provided they were found responsible for crimes. The Premier thus met two factors of the Algerian problem: that of convincing European and Moslem Algerians that the government's chief concern is a political and not a military solution of the situation, and that of devising an "on-the-spot" method of meeting the rebels.

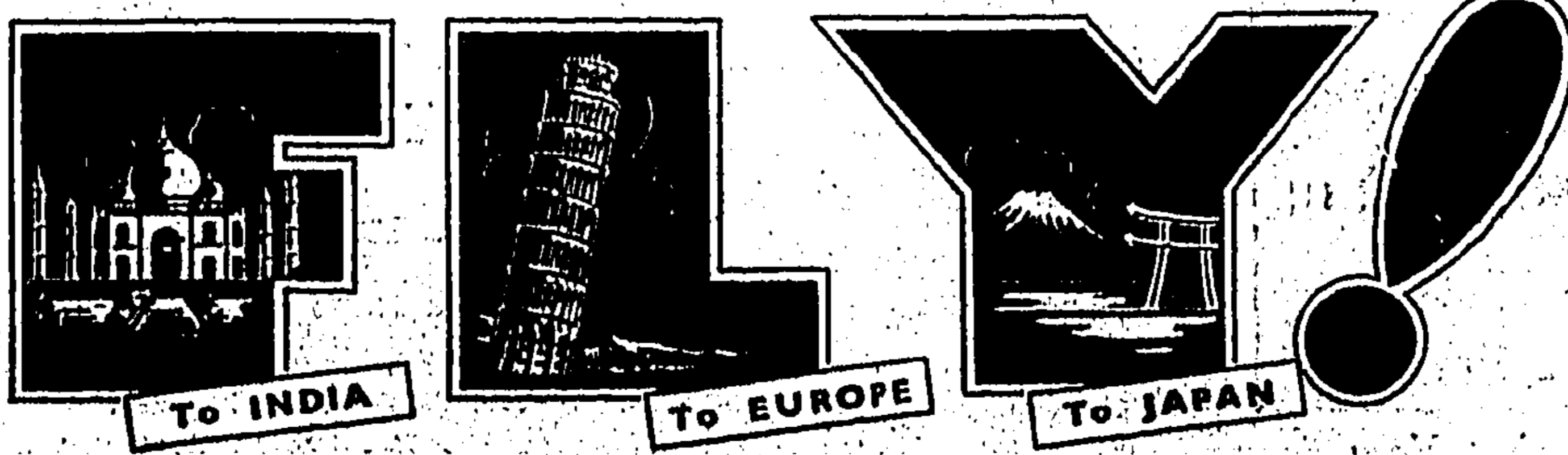
The "local contacts," French observers said, would be in no wise political in character—the government is determined that the Algerian rebellion shall not play any role in leading towards further negotiations.—France-Press.

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KING'S PRINCESS

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CLAUDE TREVOR VISTAVISION THELMA RITTER
 WILLIAM DONAHUE WALLACE FORD TOM MELMORE
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 Abbot & Costello LOST IN ALASKA
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Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

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 FRANKIE HOWARD
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 SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
 NEW YORK: Fox Colour Cartoons
 GREAT WORLD: 3 Stooges Comedy & Cartoons

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

Tomorrow Morning Show
 At 12.30 p.m.
 "CELL 2455 DEATH ROW"

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

To-morrow Special Show
 At 12.30 p.m.
 "THE DIAMOND QUEEN"
 In Technicolor

FILMS

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOPER and LIBERTY:
 "Guys and Dolls". Excellent musical. Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine.
 KING'S and PRINCESS:
 "Lucy Gallant". Life of a great American. Jane Wyman, Charlton Heston.
 NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:
 "The Ladykillers". Thriller with humour. Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Katie Johnson.
 QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
 "Hot Blood". Love among the gypsies. Jane Russell, Cornell Wilde.
 ROXY and BROADWAY:
 "I am a Camera". A comedy. Julie Harris, Laurence Harvey.

COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY:
 "The Swan". A princess and a commoner. Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness.
 KING'S and PRINCESS:
 "The Second Greatest Sex". Romance. Jeanne Crain, George Nader.
 NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:
 "Night of the Hunter". Murder and suspense. Robert Mitchum and Shelley Winters.
 QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
 "Lawless Street". A western. Randolph Scott.
 ROXY and BROADWAY:
 "The Conqueror". Spectacle. John Wayne and Susan Hayward.

Brando Sings!

He tells Nathan that the heat is on and that all the regular hideouts where Nathan operates his illegal games are being watched. The scene in a barber's shop where all the customers (most of them Nathan's clientele) rise and salute him in song is hilarious. Then there is Nathan's "doll", Vivian Blaine, who has been "going steady" with him for 14 years and is suddenly trying to induce him to give up his gambling and marry her. She played this part in the stage version in both England and America.

Marlon Brando is a big time gambler who is reputed to have refused penicillin when he was ill, as he had taken a bet that he could force his temperature up to 104 degrees. He will bet on anything and has some of the best dialogue in the picture. His singing will not have put any fear into Sinatra, but it is a pleasant voice and he and Jean Simmons, (as the mission-ary lass who falls in love with him) sing some pleasing duets. Comedy is the keynote of "Guys and Dolls," but many of the love scenes between this unlikely pair have a delicacy that is romantic in a most unHollywoodian way.

Guinness Returns

What a varied bunch are "The Ladykillers" whose nefarious deeds cause all the trouble in this film.

As the leader and the brains of the concern there is Alec Guinness. I have always had the greatest respect for this actor because of the way in which he absorbs himself in every new part. With the exception of his half moon smile he might be a new person with every new role he attempts.

In "The Ladykillers" his superficial politeness and plausible confidence trickster tactics are doubly menacing when it is revealed that he is quite without heart. After the footpoot robbery that he has planned and in conjunction with this gang has carried out, it becomes evident that the little old lady in whose house they meet—ostensibly to practise quints—is in the way and must be liquidated.

The gentle "professor"—which is his nickname in the underworld—has no compunction whatever in planning her doom, but the other four toughs suddenly develop consciences.

Soft-hearted

This is a great surprise after their fierce talk and appearance. Herbert Lom, in spite of his sinister looks, his handling of an automatic with care as though it were a sub-machine gun and his avowed dislike of old ladies in general, proves squeamish when faced with the job of disposing of her. Cecil Parker, though more kindly than the rest and known as "the Major," is no minor in the field of crime, yet he too, when faced with her ingenious philosophy finds himself unable to carry out the gang's sentence.

The remaining two—big, burly, hairless Danny Green, and the Pains-O'-Dance type, Peter Sellers, are equally intimidated by her bird-like twitterings on the subject of right and wrong. The old lady knows too much. She has discovered their crime and in spite of the clear way in which they have managed to implicate her, she is determined to go to the police. Quite

obviously she must breathe her last before doing so. The shrewish way in which, like the ten little niggers, the five are made to disappear, one by one, is extremely cleverly thought out and executed. I particularly liked the upshot of the spy, Peters Sellers; his mortal remains are tipped over the bridge of a railway to the strains of the jazz to which he was so patently addicted. There are many small touches of this sort that tickle the senses of the observant and if, as the gypsies do, for once, they just like the tiniest bit, there's always the splendid performance of the irritating old lady to watch. Her name is Katie Johnson.

A Woman's Film

Those of you who think that only oil and cowboys come from Texas should pay a visit to "Lucy Gallant" and have your eyes opened. It appears that one of America's top fashion houses started there and the climax of the picture is a dress show featuring some startling designs by Edith Head.

This story could easily have been a Joan Crawford vehicle except that Lucy Gallant herself is not quite ruthless enough for the Crawford brand of histrionics. In all other respects however it could have been a Crawford picture.

Lucy Gallant descends on the booming oil town of New City with an expensive and fashionable thing wrong—no husband. It seems that he has jilted her and Miss Wyman's obstinate little jaw sets tightly as she makes up her mind to show them and at the same time to Cut Men Out Of Her Life For Ever!

She starts off by selling her trousseau at a fantastic profit to the fashion-hungry women of the town. There is a lot of surplus cash floating about and in the nearest possible way Lucy decides to get her share. Charlton Heston is Jane Wyman's romantic partner in "Lucy Gallant," though they speak most of each other (it's the sort of film).

There's not a great deal for those two excellent character actresses, Thelma Ritter and Claire Trevor to do and Charlton Heston isn't called upon for much more than ruggedness and a suggestion of a swagger in the outdoor scenes. In addition I can't believe that anyone as pleasant, kind and charming as Jane Wyman could have built up from nothing, and single-handed too, the largest fashion store in Texas. The clothes are interesting though.

A Lot Of Fun

My favourite grouse, as regular readers of this column may recall is that American film titles in the main are misleading and sometimes in bad taste, while British films, though titled more appropriately for the type of film they represent are often wordy and without popular appeal.

I must confess that I went to "Hot Blood" with a strong prejudice against it—the title alone was almost enough to dissuade me, the advertisement pictures nearly completed the job.

It's happy I am to report that the picture is almost Irish in its lighthearted cheerfulness, there's a cameo performance from Luther Adler as a very sophisticated New York style gypsy king, and Jane Russell and Cornell Wilde are a couple of people who would enliven any party—if you had the silverware insured against theft and the glass against wanton breakage.

The story is slight. Father, Joseph Calleia, and daughter

Jane Russell are two gypsies from Chicago who make their living by the beauty of Jane. It's not quite innocent really—and even involves marriage. Jane's photograph is shown to a family of gypsies who have an eligible son, a down payment is made by the son's family, and the wedding is arranged.

At the ceremony Jane (looking more buxom and healthy than ever before) becomes ill. Her sorrowing father leads her away, young brother has the car engine running outside and before anyone can say "Gittano" off go the three of them with the marriage money and a potential bride for whom to contract a marriage in yet another American town.

Father isn't such a good business man after all though. He hasn't taken into consideration the possibility that his daughter might fall seriously in love with one of the candidates. "Hot Blood" may be slightly Ruritanian in quality, but it's a lot of fun.

No Resemblance

I have read Christopher Isherwood's book on which the picture, "I am a Camera" is based, and had I not been told in the publicity notes that the film owed its origin to the book I would not have detected the slightest resemblance.

The book was a highly personal comment by an intelligent student on life in the days when Hitler was climbing step by step to power. The film relegates Isherwood himself to an ineffectual clown of a fellow, a weak hypochondriac who allows the obnoxious Sally Bowles to treat him as a door mat. It is her film entirely and never for a second does she let you forget it.

Sally Bowles is played by Julie Harris. She gives a pantomimic performance inspired by the conventional conception of a 1920 flapper—noisy, flamboyant, exhibitionistic, obsessed by the desire to be thought shocking and therefore emancipated and about as pleasant to have around as a young viper.

I have rarely seen anyone work so hard in front of the camera—who completely steals the show from Laurence Harvey, and as for poor Shelley Winters—her few lines and wooden delivery of them will never advance her acting career. There are good performances by Lea Selal as landlady and by the brilliant American on whom Sally preys for a time, but Isherwood himself might have had more life if he had been played by someone other than Laurence Harvey.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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Directed by HEINZ CONRADT - Screenplay by JOHN COLLIER

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Anna Calabrese The GORBI in

LOVE OF A CLOWN

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A CATHAY PRODUCTION - ENGLISH SUBTITLES

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

JENNIFER JONES

Good Morning, Miss Dove!

CINEMASCOPE

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

From: London Is it possible to strangle yourself? Tokyo Police Develop Electric Baton. Hollywood A 10-year-old objects to tax.

HE TRIED TO STRANGLE HIMSELF —BUT STOPPED IN TIME

By PHILIP PURSER

London. Dr Keith Simpson, the Home Office pathologist, revealed recently how he once tried to strangle himself in the interests of forensic science.

Taking part in a BBC radio feature on the pros and cons of capital punishment, Dr Simpson said:

Ulcers Operation Is '90 per cent Success'

Los Angeles. A British surgeon reported that a London hospital has developed an operation for duodenal ulcers which is 90 per cent successful.

Dr Norman Tanner, a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons at St. James Hospital, London, said the operation has been used for the last 10 years in London on about 250 patients.

The operation involves cutting out sections of the two vagus nerves, shutting out the excessive flow of acids. Dr Tanner told a medical conference recently.

The vagotomy was first used in about 1908 but later dropped because it resulted in a number of cases of stomach paralysis.

The addition of a second step to the operation—creating an opening in the stomach to allow discharge of contents—has made the vagotomy successful in treating duodenal ulcers, Dr Tanner said.—United Press.

Useless Gun—But Fined \$5

Panama. A 150-year-old muzzle-loading rifle, tied up with wire, cost an Atlanta, Johannes Makombola, \$5 in court recently.

A policeman gave evidence that the gun could not be shot and Johannes had lost the interest. It was not worth a shilling, he said.

Unmoved, the magistrate found Johannes guilty of keeping a firearm without a licence and fined him \$5.—China Mail Special.

Mayor At 20

Berne. Mr Mario Cremona, who is just 20 years old, was elected mayor of the village of Arosio in the Canton of the Ticino. He is believed to be the youngest mayor in Switzerland and probably one of the youngest in Europe.—China Mail Special.

CUT OUT HI-FI The Wrong Way To Milk A Cow

New York. Farmers who play recorded music to cows while they are being milked do not calm the cow's nerves. In fact hi-fi in the haybarn could give them a nervous breakdown. Dr V. Smith, Professor of Dairy Husbandry at the University of Wisconsin, said this week "And it's not just that they may prefer one type of music to another. Music distracts them."

And distraction, Professor Smith said, means less milk in the pail.

Don't Kick It

"This letting down of milk is not a voluntary act of the cow," he told dairy-men. If there is some disturbance, a gland in the cow's back secretes a "fright hormone." This cuts down blood flow to the udder muscles, strengthening the muscles of the legs and head instead. With muscle activity in the udder cut down, the milk sacs cannot squeeze out milk and the milk output falls. And it is quite pointless kicking the cow in the ribs. "To abuse the cow because she does not let down milk only makes matters worse," said Professor Smith.—United Press.

RUSSIANS LIKE JACK LONDON

Ottawa. One of the best-selling authors in Russia today is American writer Jack London. In a special 80th birthday anniversary article about him in the weekly Soviet News Bulletin published here by the Russian embassy, the Soviets laud London as "a truly democratic author."

"The Soviet reader loves Jack London," the bulletin said, "because he is an author who writes about noble and courageous people who overcome all obstacles barring the way to happiness and truth."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Such dumb problems! I wouldn't be able to stand that school except tomorrow teacher's going to let me help her with her income tax!"

HONEST DENNIS GETS A REWARD

London. Thirteen-year-old Dennis Gregory, who found £100 at a London Tube station, has discovered that honesty DOES pay. It pays one new, gleaming bicycle.

He found the money—38 £5 notes—in a brown-paper parcel at Charing Cross Underground last December. He showed it to his father. Then the money was handed in to the London Transport. Lost Property Office.

'Appreciation'

The Chairman of the Executive, Sir John Elliot, considered the matter. Then a senior official of the L.T.E. told Dennis and his parents that the boy was to be given a present, after all. Dennis wondered. Should he ask for a wireless, a record player, a bicycle, or a dog? He chose a bicycle.

Last week officials chose a £5 note. A few days it will be presented to him at his home in S.E. London.

"It is a gift from the Executive to the boy to show their appreciation for his honesty," said a London Transport official. Said Dennis contentedly: "I've always wanted a bike."

And the £100? Part will go to the Lost Property Office running costs, and part to a benevolent fund.

That's The Way The Money Goes

London. HIS wife entered into hire-purchase agreements totalling £1,878, with 85 firms, without his knowledge. That is what Mr Gilbert Blankley, 53, engineers' storekeeper, of Northampton, told the Wakefield, Yorkshire, bankruptcy court recently.

Apparently he said, his wife had the goods delivered and then removed and sold before he came home from work late in the evening.

Mr D. Stockwell, assistant official receiver, said claims from 14 firms concerned these items: 22 dining chairs, 22 chairs, 22 carpet squares, 3 pieces of stair carpet, 1 electric washbasin, 2 vases, 2 wardrobes. Enough to fit out a mansion, said Mr Stockwell.

'In a mess'

Blankley admitted unsecured liabilities of £1,878, all in respect of hire-purchase agreement claims; assets of £190, and a deficiency of £1,679. In February 1955 he sold his house, he said, after his wife had told him she was in a mess with hire-purchase commitments. She said £200 would clear her, and he gave her that. Later he learned that there were other hire-purchase commitments.

He admitted that he saw some of the goods in his house, but said his wife told him she was getting them cheaply from a warehouse and was selling them.

An Hour Late

Alicante. Alejandro Martinez Pastor, of Alicante, Spain, kept his bride waiting one hour at the church on his wedding day.

The reason? He had to supervise the dressing of his eleven children by a previous marriage.—China Mail Special.

Faithful Dog Rewarded

Altena, W. Germany. A dentist has rewarded his faithful fox-terrier by fitting it with a gold tooth. The dog lost his tooth when attacked by a wild boar during a hunt.—China Mail Special.

1066 AND ALL THIS

Did King Harold Use Horses?

Cirencester. Six sturdy men in chain-mail armour walked 18 miles recently to prove that King Harold did it on a bigger scale in 1066.

The six, all members of the Surrey Walking Club, walked along 18 miles of a rutted grass track carrying shields and spears and wearing helmets to prove one of the most disputed points in British history.

Legend has it that King Harold walked his troops 200 miles in 10 days—wearing the same armour—in 1066 to fight and lose the battle of Hastings to William the Conqueror.

'Impossible'

Some historians say the march was impossible without horses, which according to legend, Harold did not use.

The six walkers said he did not either. They proved, more or less, that it could be done by doing nearly 20 miles in one day.

One of them said after the march that he would have kept it up for another nine days. "Certainly, as long as I didn't have to fight a battle afterwards," he said.

Which may be why Harold lost.—United Press.

INSTILLING DOCILITY WITH ELECTRICITY

Tokyo. An electric cudgel to enable policemen "to respect human rights" has been issued in Oita town, southern Japan.

A police spokesman said the new club, containing a built-in coil and twin dry batteries, could administer a 60-volt shock.

He said police dread such "brutalities" as beating or pushing and that the new club is an efficient method of making trouble-makers "docile".

The new weapon is to be submitted to the Tokyo Police Board for approval.—China Mail Special.

Uncle 'Kill Joy' Removed

Athens. The body of 61-year-old Zoin Spyritou was found in a ravine at the village of Delaportia, in Cephalonia.

Investigations showed that five women relatives including his sister and two nieces killed him because he would not let them live their own life and have a good time with young men.

The coroner's verdict was that he was hacked to death with knives and scissors.—China Mail Special.

Relic Of B.C. Greece Found

Athens. A German archaeologist who is supervising excavations at the site of ancient Olympia, unearthed a big jar which, he thinks, may prove to be one of the instruments which helped the sculptor Phidias construct the famous statue of Olympic Zeus.

The jar has been cleaned on the outside, but is full of earth and archaeologists are taking great care in emptying it. Later they will take it to the museum and study it thoroughly.

Phidias is known to have constructed the statue of Zeus in Olympia in the fifth century before Christ. Archaeologists believe the jar just unearthed may have been the one which Phidias used as a water container. The statue of Zeus was made of ivory and gold.—United Press.

WINTERS ARE GETTING Milder

Chicago. People living today may never experience the severe winters their grandparents endured, says Chicago climate expert, Dr R. M. Page.

Dr Page bases this belief on a study of U.S. weather records stretching back to 1871.

But instead of using the customary "average temperature" figures, he quotes the statistics known as "seasonal degree days." These figures are used by the heating industry and "give a

much more accurate picture of the trend toward milder winters," he said.

In computing the figures, 65 degrees is considered the norm, below which a householder must turn up the thermostat or shiver.

At the high for the day is 65 and the low 45, Dr Page said, the average would be 55 or 10 degrees below the norm. Add these figures for each day of the winter season and you have the "total degree days."

"For the past 50 to 60 years the general trend of this fuel consumption index has been gradually downward in most of the northern part of the United States, particularly east of the Rockies," Dr Page said.

"Weather Bureau records in Chicago and Detroit, for example, show a period of really rugged winters in the middle 1910's and again during the 1930's. And these periods have never been matched since."—United Press.

TAX TROUBLES BEGIN AT 10

Hollywood. A pig-tailed 10-year-old girl is complaining about her income tax bill.

She is Patty McCormack, star of Broadway, TV and movies. "I've been a taxpayer for six years," she said. "I began modelling when I was four, and ever since they've made me pay taxes."

"It isn't fair," Patty is in Hollywood to co-star with young Brandon de Wilde in "An Episode of Sparrows."

'Like Punishment'

The pint-sized actress, holding court in her suite at the daisy garden of Alhambra Hotel, launched into an uncomplicated analysis of the income tax problem.

"One lucky thing for me," she said, "is that Daddy takes care of all these forms."

"Income tax is like punishing the people who make money. They ought to take money away from loafers who don't work—not from the people who work hard for a living," said Patty.

"My daddy is a fireman. He has to pay income tax too. My mother works as hard as I do on my career, but she doesn't get paid. So it's plain to see this income tax just isn't right. "I'm saving my money these days," she continued. "A girl never can tell when she's liable to be out of work. But I guess it doesn't matter how much they take away from me. I only get a dollar a week allowance—and I don't always collect that."—United Press.

Tip Top

Auckland. A wrong number proved to be the right one for an Auckland resident.

His name is John but is also known as Jack.

A stranger telephoned his number recently and asked for "Jack."

When told it was Jack the stranger told him to back two horses racing that day and then rang off.

He did.

He won £58.—China Mail Special.

LOST SCREW MADE THEM LATE

Utrera, Spain. Workers who commute between Utrera and Seville were an hour late for work recently because a screw fell out of one of the pistons. The passengers and train crew fanned out along the track and found it after searching for an hour.—United Press.

Instructions In Art Of Bank Robbery

Ottawa. Between 500 and 600 citizens of Calgary, Alberta, are going to a "bank robbery" school, to teach them how to foil bank robbers.

GPS TOLD: RESPECT GERMAN FLAG

Bonn. The United States 10th Infantry Division has started a campaign to familiarise its troops with the flags of the West German federal and state governments, and other German national symbols.

Lieut-Col Paul C. Miller, commanding the division, has pointed out that the campaign could "conceivably prevent a lot of embarrassment caused by a natural lack of knowledge."

He has told his troops that Americans are not the only people on earth to revere flags and other symbols of liberties.

Just As Important

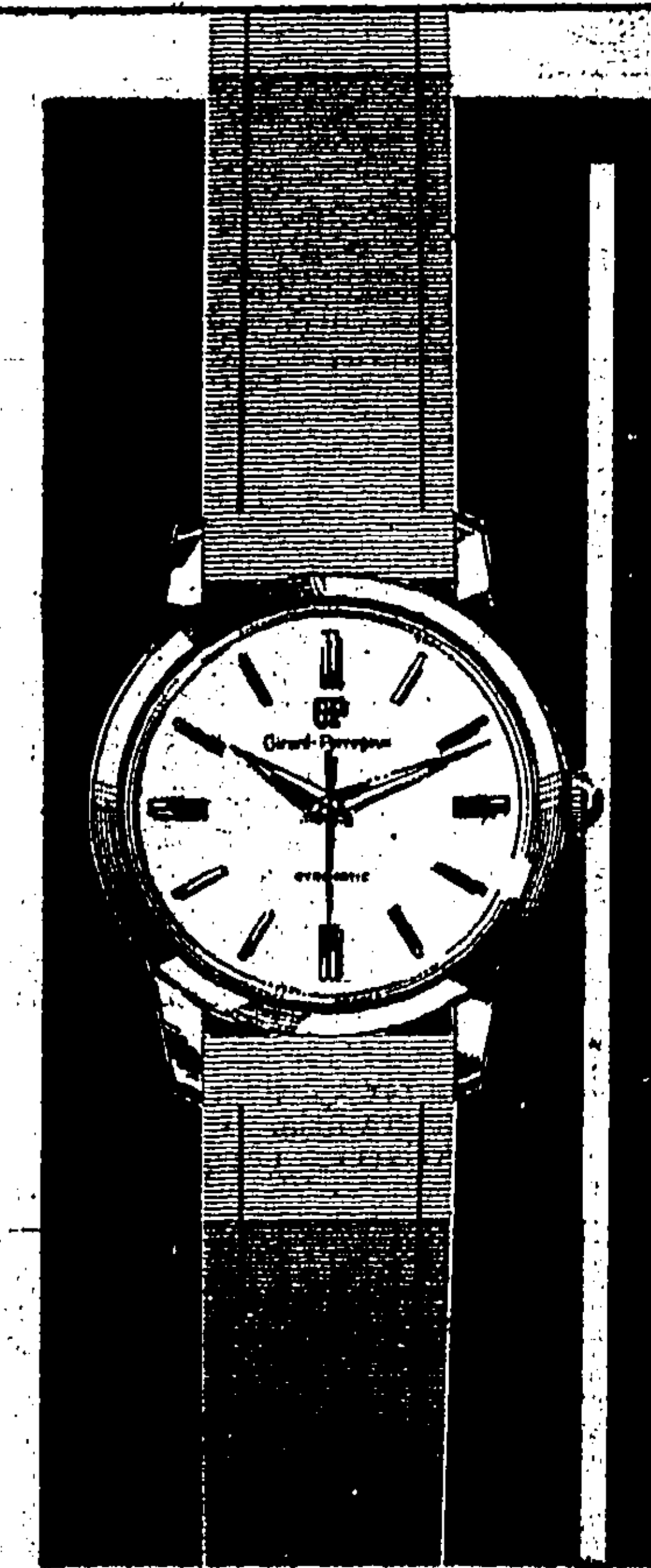
"German governments on both national and state levels have flags of their own and these flags are just as important to Germans in their national life as ours are to us," a headquarters announcement said.

"Remember one thing about these flags and symbols. Most of them had their origins far back in the past," the troops were told. "They have been around a long time and are likely to survive for the rest of recorded history."—China Mail Special.

'Be Kind To Bakers'

Sydney. Sydney housewives have been told: Be nice to your baker or your deliveries may cease.

Because of a serious shortage of curries, bread deliveries are being by a slim thread, the city's master bakers warned. They appealed to housewives: "Be tolerant and pleasant. Don't insist on delivery to the tradesmen's entrance. Treat him with courtesy."—China Mail Special.



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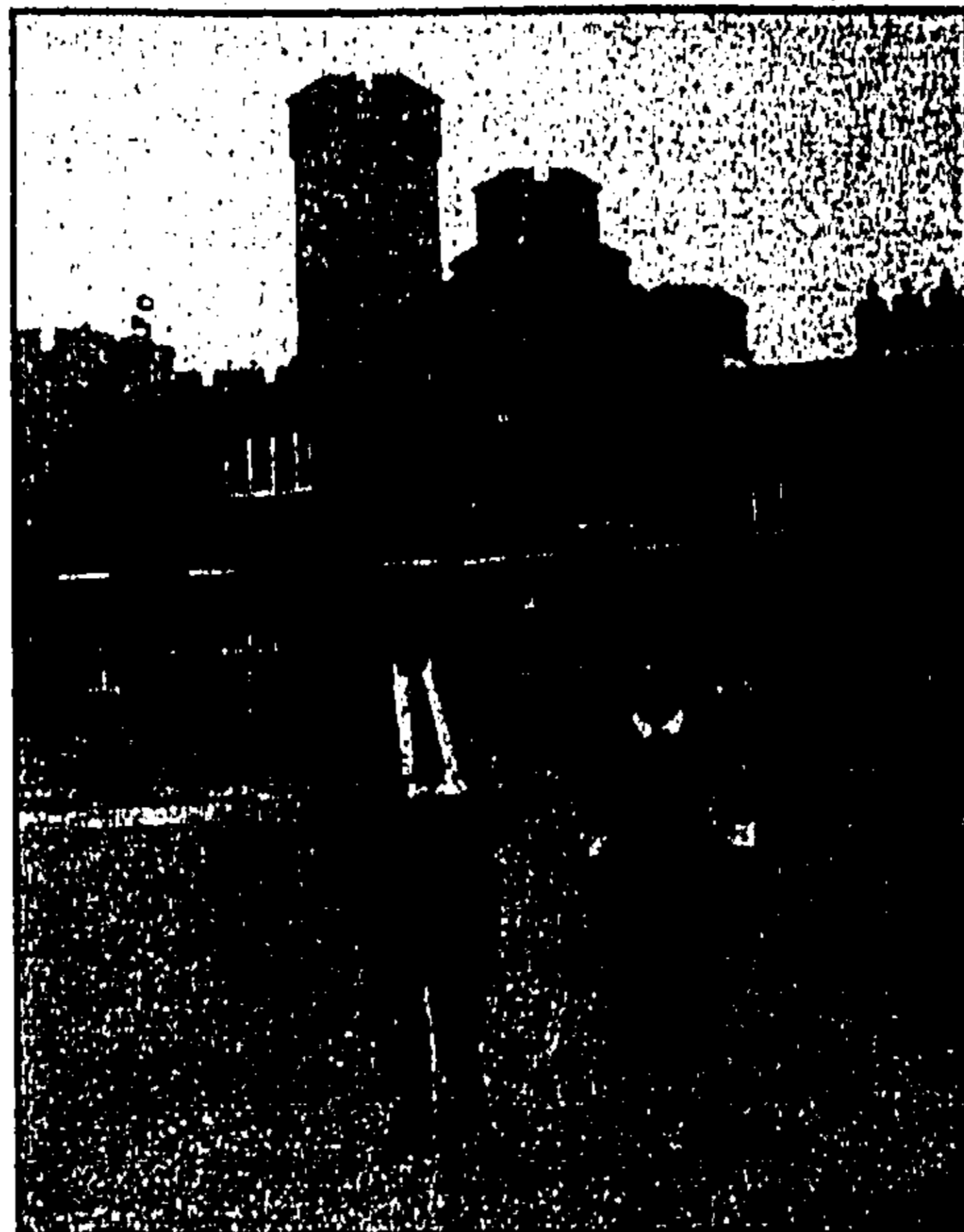
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SQUADRON Leader John Nelson Boyd, 32, who is to lead the Royal Air Force Canberra bomber squadron in the forthcoming Monte Bello atom tests. His plane will fly over after the explosion. Says he of his squadron: "They are an excellent bunch of chaps, and we are all looking forward to a new experience." (Express)



LEFT: Boys the world over always enjoy "a good fight," so naturally boys' boxing clubs, where they can fight to their hearts' content and no one will say "don't," are very popular. One of these is in Leyton, where Colin Carey, 10, is getting ready for a practice bout. Fred Goodman, 12, adjusts Colin's head-guard.



FORT BELVEDERE, the fantastic toyland home that has been empty since Edward VIII left it in December 1936, has a new owner. He is Gerald Lascelles, cousin of the Queen. Mr and Mrs Lascelles seen strolling across the terrace. (Express)



BRIGADIER C. Wieler, the Governor of the Tower of London, marching to inspect the Yeoman Warders prior to the traditional Easter Day service.



THE pretty, 15-year-old on the left has never danced, never had pocket money, has no boy friends. She's Renee Martz, teenage evangelist from the USA, now in Britain for a one-month tour. She is accompanied by her parents and tutor. (Express)

PRINCESS CHRISTINA of Hesse, niece of the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Andrej of Yugoslavia, who have announced their engagement. The Prince runs a 160-acre farm in Sussex. The Princess went from Germany to England a few months ago. (Express)



AMONG their many commitments, the authorities of the Royal Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, are looking after this Goshawk for a British Army officer. It is about a year old and comes from Europe and Western Asia. It is seen being handled by the birds of prey keeper, Mr Ernest Scrivener. (Army News)



SALLY, a British Dalmatian at Basingstoke, Hampshire, might have been a star of the show bench but for her motherly nature. She has had 56 puppies in four years, neatly divided into four litters of 14. Here mummy gives a kiss to her youngsters. (Express)



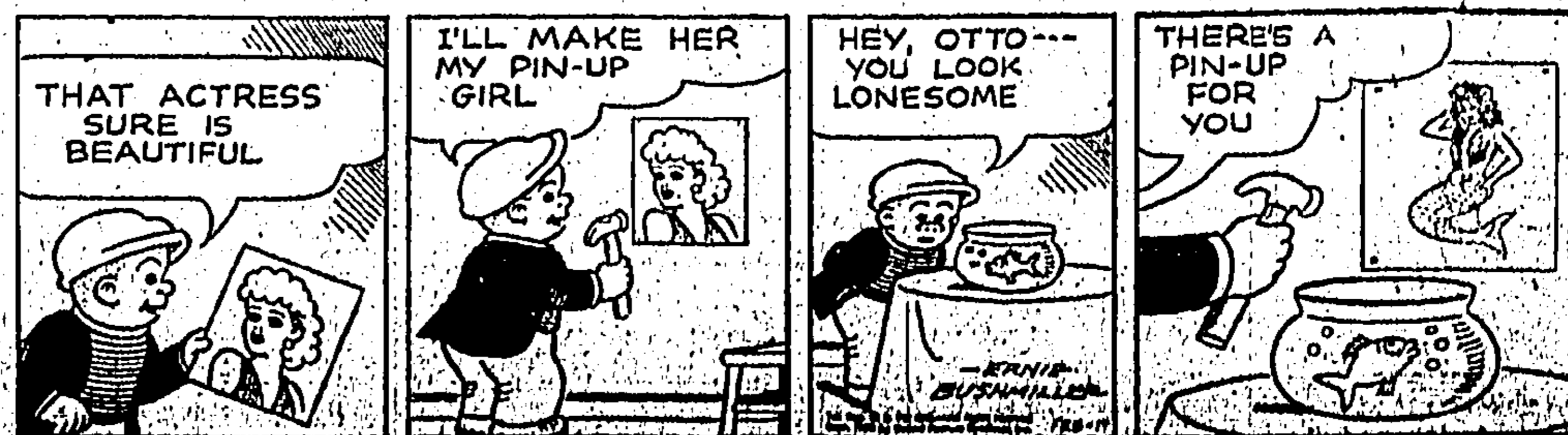
A British peeress, Leila Viscountess Bangor, 37-year-old former third wife of the present Viscount, is working as a cook in a country house near the Surrey village of Ewhurst. Says the Viscountess, whose marriage was dissolved in 1951: "I do this kind of work to help my son's education." Viscount Bangor is the former Edward Ward, of the BBC. Her seven-year-old son, William, is heir to the title. (Express)



TASMANIAN-BORN actress Merle Oberon is in London to make a television series, and will stay in Britain for three months. This is her first visit to Britain in three years. She normally lives in Hollywood. The late Sir Alexander Korda made her a star overnight. (Express)

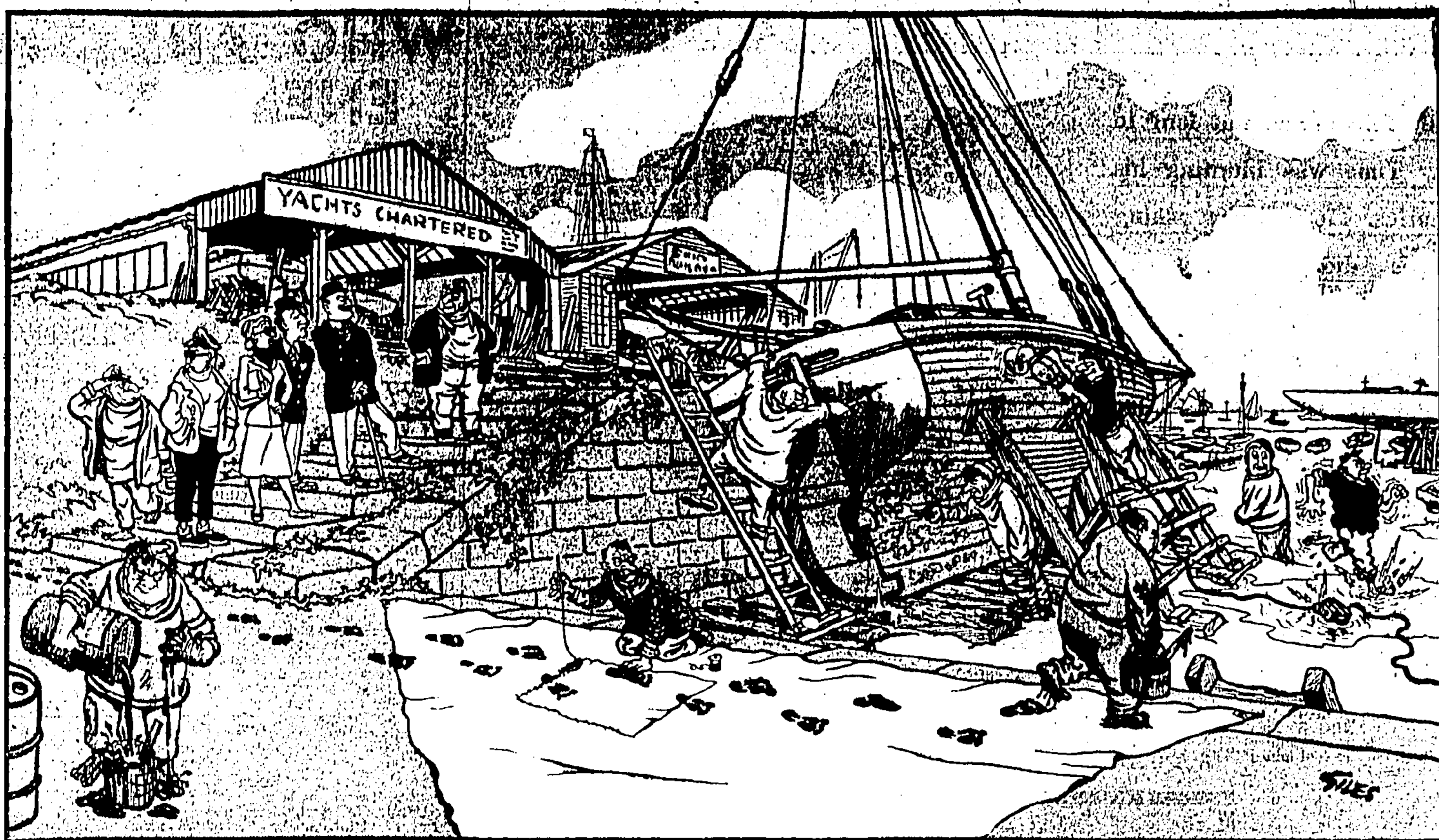
NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES





"I dare say I can get the ship cleaned up in time for Grace Kelly's wedding, but I can't promise the same thing about the crew."

London Express Service

LONDON'S TEDDY BOYS: What are the facts?

DON'T QUOTE ME, SAID THE CLUB LEADER...

.. I'M AFRAID OF REPRISALS

AMONG the heavy, ugly blocks of council flats in Cherry Gardens Street, Rotherhithe, I searched for the home of Joseph Fell, bus conductor. At the greengrocers, they knew him.

Warming her hands over a brazier inside the shop, a woman assistant said: "Jim Fell, you mean? The one that got it from the Teddy Boys? That's him, across the street."

He might have been mistaken for an old man, almost blind. He wore dark glasses. He moved slowly, uncertainly. Beside him, patiently, walked his mongrel pet.

Kick and run

When he went to work on November 11, he was a vigorous 53. He had been twenty years a bus conductor; had served through the blitz; knew many of the regulars on the 101-minute route from Camberwell Green to Chingford.

At 11.35 p.m., on the last trip that day, four Teddy Boys got on the crowded bus. Two went upstairs. Two remained on the platform.

Fell asked them to go either upstairs or inside. They refused. He insisted. Their two friends joined them from upstairs. Together they pushed Fell to the floor, kicked his face and fled. Not a single passenger went in pursuit.

For two months the conductor lay in hospital. Doctors saved, for certainty, one of his eyes. They are not, says Fell, so sure of the other.

String ties

That was how one man learned to take Teddy Boys seriously. Now meet another, the Rev. James Butterworth, rugged, pint-sized, person who runs Clubland, Walworth Road, one of London's several large-scale clubs for boys and girls. During a Clubland dance, several Teddy Boys, wearing

by
ROBERT J. EDWARDS

offensively. Mr Butterworth asked them to leave. The Teddy Boys—grotesque in their tight, high-bellied drainpipe trousers, string ties, velvet lapels and long, draped coats—went berserk. They smashed crockery, wrecked furniture, tore out electric fittings, broke up valuable stage equipment, ripped posters from the wall, and flooded the place.

When the rioting Teddy Boys made their exit into the squalid street, several hundred pounds' worth of damage had been done. Now, for the first time, Clubland has no head boy. "It would not be safe for him," Mr Butterworth has explained. For the first time, too, the club has conferred itself defeated by the evil in young men. All but the most tepid Teddy Boys are banned.

Darkest side

Of the many club leaders I questioned, not one did not regard the Teddy Boys as, at the very least, a problem. The Rev. Ronald Marshall, 29-year-old warden of Bermondsey Settlement, has resisted understandable pressure from his committee to exclude Teddy Boys following acts of vandalism.

Said a South London club leader, who has worked for 30 years on the darkest side of the city: "I once had the enlightened view about Teddy Boys. We allowed them into the club in the hope of making something decent out of them. They contributed nothing but trouble—in the end, at dances, at socials, at stage shows."

"They were a bad influence, because the weaker type of boy, now everything is coming to the fore, is taking in their hands, and their hands are

producing ten-shilling notes when ordering a cup of tea. "Only in the gymnasium did we have no trouble. The Teddy Boys never went near the place. That is the big difference between them and the prewar toughs. The Teddy Boy is essentially a coward and a bully."

This club leader, who now forbids Teddy Boys, asked me not to mention his name. "I am afraid, not of publicity, but of reprisals," he said. "Several of my boys have been beaten up."

Born lazy

Mr Harry Moore, superintendent of the John Street Methodist Youth Club, in the shadow of Tower Bridge, is less critical of Teddy Boy manners. "They are born lazy. They have had it easy," is his severest criticism. "They don't feel inclined to play even table tennis unless you put up the table for them. And they are remarkably fussy about their appearance. You very seldom see a Teddy Boy wearing dirty shoes, whereas boys of 15 and 16 always had dirty shoes in this district."

"When we went camping in Cornwall, four of our more serious Teddy Boys were their complete Edwardian regalia—'Slim Jim' bootlace ties, imitation brocade waistcoats, the lot—every time they went outside the camp. The temperature was frequently in the eighties."

A club leader was asked by the police to prefer charges against a small group of Teddy Boys who had razor-sharpened swords and smashed picture frames. He refused: "I am a person," he said.

That night a man was beaten up by, so it was suspected, the same Teddy Boys. Back came the police to the club leader. "You should have done your duty," they said. "Then one man would have been spared."

Far and wide across London the police have been called to deal with the same kind of trouble. In the north, Finchley in the north, wherever there are poorer homes you will find Teddy Boys. And wherever there are Teddy Boys there has been trouble. Always the emphasis is on bullying.

Police cars sent to Tooling Broadway to clear the pavements of Teddy Boy gangs... an American soldier attacked by 12 Teddy Boys at Kenton, only a mile or two from Harrow, and taken to hospital, severely injured... a youthful stranger's face badly cut by a gang of Teddy Boys outside a Rialto cinema... an 81-year-old school-master assaulted outside a Dulwich bank... a 16-year-old Scout stabbed in the back on Hampstead Heath. Said his mother: "There has been a lot of trouble in this district. It is not safe for decent youngsters to be out at night."

MONDAY:

TERROR IN THE CLASSROOM

Such examples can be multiplied by the score. Nobody knows how many Teddy Boys there are. Estimates vary wildly between 10,000 and 30,000. But certainly these youthful gangs have come close to terrorising some parts of London, especially in the vicinity of dockland on the south side of the river and in parts of the East End.

Serious nuisance

They are a serious nuisance elsewhere, notably in Richmond, where they migrate on summer evenings, Wandsworth, Ham, Putney, Camden Town, Leyton, Slough, and even as far out as Gillingham.

As one citizen said to me: "You cannot just dismiss these boys as a nuisance. They do not exist. They do. And if they do, something must be done about them. They are a serious nuisance."

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THE VENGEANCE OF PRIVATE POOLEY—5... adapted from the book by CYRIL JOLLY

THE STORY SO FAR

ON May 27, 1940, nearly 100 officers and men of the Second Battalion, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, were captured by the Germans at Le Paradis in France. They were marched into a field and shot down by machine-gun fire. Only two men escaped—Private Albert Pooley, who was badly wounded in the leg, and Private William O'Callaghan. Pooley, who vowed to be revenged on the officer responsible for the crime, spent three years in French and German hospitals. He was repatriated, unfit for further service, in 1943. O'Callaghan spent the rest of the war in prison camps, and returned to England in 1945. As the only survivors, they did not dare to mention the atrocity while they were in German hands, but both men reported it on their return. No notice was taken of their reports.

ALBERT POOLEY was discharged from the Army in March 1944, and started work at Hayes Post Office, Middlesex. He had a driving job at first, but one day the door of his van swung on his injured leg and chipped the damaged bone. Months of hospital treatment were necessary. He had to be content with a light indoor job.

But if his physical condition was bad, he was in an even worse state mentally. As the months lengthened into years, he felt that the authorities intended to do

nothing about the crime at Le Paradis. There was nothing so positive as a conspiracy of silence. The whole thing was simply ignored, as if the CO, and Nobby, and some 90 others had not been murdered in cold blood at all.

Only his wounded leg still reminded Pooley of the events of that far-off day—his leg and Nobby's lighter, the keepsake he had taken from the pocket of his murdered friend in the pit where they lay. Every time he used the lighter, it seemed to reproach him for not keeping faith with the dead.

Disbelieved

But what could he do? From the beginning he had been disbelieved. "A cock-and-bull story," the officer in Bethune hospital had called it. The security officer at Richmond had dismissed it with contempt. When a neighbour of Pooley, a man he had known for years, said it was "just propaganda," it seemed the last straw.

Day and night, mostly night, when he got to bed, the whole thing went round and round in his mind until he felt he was going mad. Perhaps he was wrong, and everyone else was right. Perhaps it hadn't really happened. Perhaps he really was imagining things, had got things twisted.

Could he be suffering from delusions? His leg was an ever-present source of distress; he suffered from illness; there were money problems; his little girl was unwell. Life became almost unbearable.

His doctor sent him to Roehampton hospital for six weeks rest, diet and treatment. The rest did him good, but he had not been out long before he was deep in the same slough of doubt and misery.

He tried to do his light job at the post office but it was hard work even to drag himself about. Only his unusual power of will kept him going. On one or two occasions he collapsed on reaching his own doorstep.

Mrs Pooley recalls these days and nights with horror. She dreaded the nights especially. She did what she could with the medicine and drugs prescribed. She prepared the diet ordered by the doctors. But they did little to ease her husband's suffering of body and agony of mind.

Hideous dreams

With sleep came hideous dreams, that racked him and set him screaming and sobbing by her side. At times she would try to hold him and soothe him, but the torment of his mind drove him beyond consolation.

Night after night he called in his sleep to the comrades whom he had left in the pit in the green meadow at Le Paradis. He called to Nobby, and to the others, and to himself, by his struggles. Mrs Pooley heard him cry, "I'll wipe the slate clean, Nobby." "I'll get the swine, Bill." "I'll make him pay for this, it's the last thing I do."

"Sometimes," says Mrs Pooley, "he would call their names as though reading a list and would then fall back exhausted with a sob. I knew the names of many men I had never heard him speak about when awake. He didn't say what he had to wipe out, but I knew something terrible had happened out there in France. I asked him what it was but he wouldn't say."

Through those pain-drenched days and terrifying nights, one thought took root and grew steadily in Pooley's mind: "I must go back to Le Paradis. If I don't I shall lose my sanity." He had to reassure himself. Time was blunting the edges of his memories. By going back to the meadow, he could prove that what he thought had happened had happened.

An operation

He was not in a fit state to make the journey. Indeed, the hospital authorities now told him that, without a very serious operation, he could not hope to carry on much longer. The ulcer had at last been located in the shadow of the spine.

Pooley felt he had not long to live. Time was blunting his memories. He was now asking himself: did the massacre in the meadow really take place? By going back to Le Paradis he could prove that it did... and get things moving before it was too late.

I MUST GO BACK

to



She cried

He obtained a passport and bought his tickets. Ten days before he went, Jeanette, his second child, was born. She was named after the miner who had helped him before, and to whom he was turning again. Mrs Pooley had only been up a day or so, and when she saw her husband go she could not keep back the tears.

Sitting in the French train, Pooley was overwhelmed by weakness and loneliness. "I thought 'What's the use of it all anyway? They're dead and nothing I can do will bring them back. Let the whole thing drop.' I also thought of how I had left Connie at home and I just felt like turning back there and then. Then I lit a fag with Nobby's lighter, and I knew I was doing the right thing."

It was a very tired man who pushed open the door of the train. He was alone. He saw the motherly figure of Madame

Desruelles standing behind her counter.

Glasses were set up and corks popped. Pooley relaxed. The first stage of his pilgrimage had been completed.

Pooley had not been at the restaurant long before word reached the Caron family to whom he was so much indebted. They were soon round to clasp his hand and embrace him.

The Englishman was flustered. Only his evident ill-health

marred the enjoyment of the French folk at his return.

Pooley asked how he could go to Richenbourg and Le Paradis. Richenbourg was the home of a French soldier he had met while a prisoner-of-war. He had given Pooley his address and the Englishman knew it was somewhere near Le Paradis.

He did not tell his friends in Bethune why he wanted to go to Le Paradis as not a word of the shooting had been mentioned to them and he had yet to prove his story.

Next day, his friend at Richenbourg borrowed a car and driver. They cruised around for a time until Pooley, who had been looking about on either side, suddenly asked the driver to stop. He had seen in the distance the house where his battalion had made its last headquarters—and its last stand.

Durley Farm stood alone, large and conspicuous above the flat, hedgeless farmlands.

The car drew up at the farmhouse and Pooley got out. The house was new except for one part that had been rebuilt just like the house he had such good cause to remember.

As Pooley hobbled round the farmyard he relived some of the great moments of the Norfolk's last fight. In a ditch he saw a German and British helmet lying side by side. Many reasons' exposure had rusted them, and the straws were missing.

He walked out through the same doorway that had once led to captivity and unimaginable horror.

Nine days

From the Durley Farm they walked one hundred and fifty paces along the Rue du Paradis and turned into the by-road—Rue de Madagascars—with the car following them. They stood in front of the farm where they were told Madame Duquesne Creton lived. Here, with O'Callaghan, he had spent nine agonising days and nights hiding in a pigsty, tended by Madame Creton.

He did not know her name, but as he limped into the yard he saw her. She was much altered. Years of labour and struggle had considerably aged her.

At the same instant Madame saw him. The expression on her face changed, not to joy but to surprise, and then terror. Throwing up her hands she promptly fainted.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

Enter Colonel Scotland

WHO ARE THE ENEMIES OF SIR ANTHONY?

Let the Tories unite behind Eden. There ain't gonna be any other Prime Minister for a long time

By RICHARD STRONG

London **W**HO are the Tory mutineers, the MPs whose snippings and snarlings at Sir Anthony Eden fill the papers, and who seek to destroy him? No Prime Minister has ever suffered so cruelly at the hands of his party within so short a period of office. Upon this every commentator agrees. Yet the names of the dissidents are not known in the constituencies which sustain them. They operate incognito. They plot, but not for a moment do the Tory women, devoted to their Leader, suspect them of the infamy they commit; nor the local Tory Associations know of the misdeeds of their chosen ones against the Prime Minister.

Outside the House of Commons, all is portrayed as bright and beautiful. Only within is there ferment and intrigue.

One man...

One man alone can be named. One brave spirit who has cast aside the shroud of anonymity. Mr Randolph Churchill.

Mr Churchill's onslaughts on the Prime Minister are pursued in *Parliament*. They are scrutinised in *Surrender*.

For Mr Churchill is an outstanding political commentator. His *Evening Standard* column is quoted throughout the world. He has done immense damage to Sir Anthony among Britain's friends and enemies overseas.

Why does he lambast Eden? What are his complaints? I detect one above all. That Eden is no Churchill (Sir Winston).

That is true. Churchill (Sir Winston) is that rarity in British politics, a genius. Eden is not. But who will deny that as a politician he is supremely better qualified than Mr Randolph Churchill?

He is in the House of Commons. And he is Prime Minister. Mr Randolph Churchill, I have no doubt, would like to be Prime Minister. But he is not in the House of Commons. He has been having trouble getting there.

A ham actor is not necessarily a bad critic. But in view of his failure as a politician, humility should subdue Churchill's criticisms of Eden as a Commons performer.

No one has ever heard the whole of a speech by Sir Anthony. That is perfectly true. He draws. His delivery is poor. He has to be read, and the clichés removed, to get the significance—if there is any.

But Eden will not be judged by the standards of his critics. He will stand or fall on his policies, not on his epigrams.

The plot

On foreign and colonial questions, as I showed his record has been exemplary. As a man of peace, he has the trust of the people. He has achieved miracles.

So what outrage has he committed at home to justify the plot to unseat him? It is said he bungled the hanging question. Certainly that has been a fiasco. But it is improper and indefensible to blame the Prime Minister.

He has in his Government two ex-Chief Whips. They are Mr James Stuart and Mr Patrick Buchanan-Heppburn. It is their job to advise Eden on the temper and disposition of members of the House of Commons. They have no other use except to keep the Cabinet straight on the temperature in Parliament.

If the Tory mutineers want other advisers, they should attack this pretty pair—they are a handsome couple—and not the miscalculation.

It is said there is a balance of payments crisis. That we are spending too much. All true.

A year ago, the Tories took 60 off the income tax. Now they are talking of putting it on again. It is right to put the tax back on now, it was wrong to take it off then.

Is that what the Tory mutineers are saying? In which case, I must remind them that their criticisms were inaudible during the general election. For they were the chief beneficiaries of the 60 off the income tax. It scooped in the votes.

The tax reduction was a fine incentive in every way. Two million people were freed from income tax. Unemployment dropped to its lowest ever, in terms of material things, the British nation had the best year of its life.

Never before

Cars, refrigerators, all kinds of luxuries and semi-luxuries available from the factories into the homes of the people on an unprecedented scale.

Never before had so much wealth been produced from our industries. And the boom brought better wages. Ten million people had increased. There were fast over-time earnings. The number of strikes dropped dramatically.

And the people were not neglected. Plans were laid for increased allowances for the sick, the aged, for the unemployed, for mothers, for those injured at work. The new benefits are starting to flow.

Was all this folly? I do not believe so. It was good for the nation. But folly indeed is the cure prescribed by Eden's critics. The harsh deflationary policy they favour would put a million on the dole and end the boom.

The Socialists, all their curdling prophesies of doom, would come to naught for 20 years.

These unsophisticated Tories would happily wreck their party in order to reincarnate a world that is dead. They should learn rule one for backwoodsmen: to deprive a man of his job does not deprive him of his vote.

Where they are stupid, Eden is intelligent. The gutter is rigidly controlled. Far better to little at first than too much.

Trade gap

The aim is to apply the brakes, not commit political suicide. And it is succeeding. The February trade gap was the narrowest for nine months.

Where else does Eden show wisdom denied to his critics? In his handling of the TUC. He does not seek to enrage this giant. Instead, he invites it to tea. The cordiality between Eden and the trade union leaders is of great importance, and, considering the Government's policy over housing and subsidies, a spectacular achievement.

On two major issues, Sir Anthony has reduced Socialist propaganda against the Tories to the ridiculous. He has stolen two of their pets.

The Monopoly Bill, despite flaws, is far more courageous than anything suggested by the Socialist leadership. It tackles an evil against which they frothed, but lacked the nerve to act.

One charge

And Eden's intention to abolish conscription as fast as he can has won friends everywhere, not least among regular servicemen.

One charge remains. The Tories have been doing badly at the polls. Liberals are almost winning elections.

To blame Eden for this is shocking. Though the votes cannot be identified, the whole country has heard the uproar among the Tories in the House of Commons. This is no way to win elections.

Let the Tories unite behind Eden. He is the best Prime Minister we are going to have for a long time. There ain't gonna be any other. (COPYRIGHT)

THE MONK OF THE PARIS FASHION WORLD LACKS ONE RIBBON

IN Paris where famous dress designers are as well known as film stars in Hollywood, 60-year-old Cristobal Balenciaga would pass almost unrecognized in any gathering. His photograph has not appeared in a Paris newspaper for 15 years and his collections have recently, at his own insistence, gone unreported.

His personal life is even more carefully shrouded from the public gaze. Despite the fact that he has been one of the top Paris designers since 1937, he remains the "unknown" couturier. The "Monk" of the Paris fashion world.

The envy

Nevertheless he has succeeded in acquiring and retaining a fastidious clientele which is the envy of his more flamboyant rivals. The Duchess of Windsor gets her clothes from him, so does her former friend Mrs Charles Bedaux. So do virtually all the Rothschilds, and a select number of the most elegant women on both sides of the Atlantic.

His clothes reflect his personal and professional austerity. Black is his favourite colour, the lines are severely restrained, he uses the minimum of material, and discards anything too sexy or too frivolous.

Similarly, his models are unlike those of other fashion houses. Sit in his perfume-drenched salon and instead of the swart, waisted mincing mannequins of other houses you see rather statuesque women whose feet are firmly planted on the ground as they walk.

Professionally he is most admired for his sure taste and remarkable technical skill. He is not only a very talented designer, but a dressmaker in the strict sense of the word.

Paris Newsletter from SAM WHITE

He is a superb cutter and skilled with a needle. One of his famous clients has summed up her impression of his clothes in these words: "The first year I may be hesitant in wearing it. I wear it and feel I am in the height of fashion."

"The third year I feel the dress has become part of me." A rival designer expressed a grudging admiration in these words: "His eye is always directed unerringly towards true elegance; it never strays to the wholesale trade or the fickle attention of the buyers."

Balenciaga is a Spaniard and who even as a child loved to stitch and sew, looks much younger than his 60 years. Of medium height, dark and slim, his large, piercing brown eyes give him a Valentino-like haughtiness.

He still lives in the modern six-roomed flat in Paris which he rented when he came here almost penniless from Spain. He has also acquired a country house and a farm near San Sebastian.

Restricted

He is rarely seen at fashionable parties or first nights and his circle of friends is a closely restricted one. He remains completely outside the turbulent intrigue and commercialism of the fashion industry.

This may explain a fact which causes him some slight bitterness. It is that unlike other leading dress designers he has not yet been awarded the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. A friend teasing him on this point said recently: "They probably

know you will not wear it as it is not black."

A storm

NOTHING in France, it seems, is far removed from politics, not even the affairs of the stately Paris Opera. The present Socialist-led Government has brought a storm round its head by reappointing the opera's director, 61-year-old evil servant Georges Hirsch.

M. Hirsch, who in this post disposes of a budget of over a million pounds, had a stormy five-year reign over the opera before he resigned only to be reappointed by the present Government. Here are some of the highlights of these five years:

A tenor attempted to assassinate him. A fire broke out in mysterious circumstances in his offices. A famous dancing star was suspended for indiscipline and a series of legal actions based on a variety of allegations was started against him.

Among many charges made against him is that some of his most extravagant productions were such failures that they only played for two or three performances. M. Hirsch is a

List of guests

member of the French Socialist Party.

EVE of wedding news from Monte Carlo: In drawing up a list of guests for his wedding to film star Grace Kelly, Prince Rainier is both ending some old feuds perpetuating others. Feud ended: that with the former actress and dowager Princess of Monaco, 50-year-old Princess Ghislaine, whom he expelled from his palace in 1952.

She has been invited to the wedding, thereby marking the end of four years' exile from the Principality. Says the princess: "I never doubted I would be invited to the wedding. I am delighted that a fellow-nation is destined to succeed me in the Principality."

Some mistakes

THE French Communist Party, the most Stalinist in Europe, is putting up the fiercest possible opposition to all attempts to lurch the Stalin legend.

Brief declaration by France's "Little Stalin," Maurice Thorez, that though "Comrade Stalin made some mistakes, his contribution to Socialism will live

for ever." All attempts inside the party to revive discussion on Stalin are being quite ruthlessly suppressed.

Those who seek to do so are being threatened with expulsion. There is no echo in the party Press of the ferment created by Moscow's denunciation of Stalin.

Meanwhile a former French Communist intellectual has started what he calls "the Georgian Society." Its purpose: "to keep alive the memory of Comrade Stalin and preserve his works which are fast disappearing from party bookshops."

Membership will be restricted to those who have been formerly expelled from the party on charges of "Trotskyism," "Bukharinism," "Right Wing deviationism," and "Left Wing deviationism."

The founder of the society himself was expelled for none of these things. His falling was "Bourgeois Bohemianism."

Why?

Quote of the week. Communist Journalist Andre Wurmser, writing in the party organ, *L'Humanite*: "Why should any non-Russian be more interested in Soviet criticisms of Stalin than the Russians would be in a discussion in the French Socialist Party of the failings of Premier Mollet?" (COPYRIGHT)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



MAJDALANY MEETS MONROE

MARILYN BEATS

THE MOGULS

Beginning the story of the most amazing deal in film history



"Him and me! That's what is so good about it."

STRONG-ARM BOSSES RULE HUSSEIN

SEFTON DELMER

newsmaps the situation in Jordan, where King Hussein is now almost the "prisoner" of two ambitious army officers, Ali Abu Nawar and Ali Hiar.

Amman. ARE we here in Jordan witnessing the greatest confidence trick in history? A trick by which the young king is being led to believe he can establish himself as a dictator and national hero, while in reality he is being swindled out of his throne?

As I watched 21-year-old King Hussein the other day skidding his silver racer round Jordan's roads in a hill-climb race against his police friends, I wondered how much he really knew about what was going on at Arab Legion headquarters.

For, down in Amman, Lieutenant Colonel Ali Abu Nawar, leader of the "young officers' group" of the Arab Legion, the slinky night-clubber who, as the king's senior ADC, talked him into dismissing General "Sawad" Glubb, was making a supreme division of the spoils with his rival for power, the strong-armed, soldierly Colonel Ali Hiar.

Taking over

They were splitting up between the British officers whom Sir Anthony Eden has insisted on withdrawing from all operational commands over Arab troops.

Colonel Ali Hiar, who in a week-end coup had taken the key post as chief of staff, has now moved up to succeed British General "Sawad" Glubb as Commander of all Arab field units.

Lieutenant Colonel Ali Abu Nawar gave up the brigade which the coup had given him, and moved in to take over as chief of staff.

Between the two of them, they now control the army. For their ranking superior, General Radi Anab, an elderly ex-police officer, is just a figurehead, on every occasion I have met him, has referred to Colonel Hiar before giving an order or decision.

And their commander-in-chief King Hussein? He is their prisoner. His removal of Glubb, followed by the British Government's refusal to leave him any British officers in "executive" commands, places him completely at the mercy of these two ambitious young officers.

The only card the king still has is the secret rivalry of his two strong-men.

No, he is not, for the moment, completely loyal. For the moment the king can elude that green and gold marshal's baton (from London's Regent Street), presented to him by his officers as a token of their devotion and obedience.

For the moment he can feel that through these two men he is the real commander-in-chief of the army, its real marshal. For that is the crux of the situation in Jordan. The young king has been convinced by these two ambitious officers, Ali Abu Nawar and Ali Hiar, the most important among them—that to save the country from the intrigues of corrupt politicians he must assume semi-authoritarian leadership of his people, based on the power of the army.

But if his strong men should play him false or oppose him, the king is lost. For opposition to his plans is most formidable. It comes from—

FIRST, Nasser's Cairo radio which, together with Britain's surrender to the dictator—has given Nasser an almost mystic prestige in Jordan as in the rest of the Arab world.

SECOND, through Jordan's pro-Nasser coalition of above-ground nationalists and underground Communists who supported all the organized gangs for the riots of December and January; they are now reinforced by the release of their ringleaders, imprisoned by Glubb.

THIRD, Premier Samir Rifai and his present Cabinet, who resent the king's high-handed (and so far successful) attempts to impose his advice on them.

Popularity lost

Most of the popularity the king had won from sacking Glubb has been lost again because he refused to go to Cairo to take part in Nasser's anti-British conference.

If he wants to rule or even retain his throne, the young king has to make sure the army remains loyal to him.

And that depends on the two Men of Salt, as the two Ali's are known. (Both Ali Hiar and Ali Abu Nawar were born and brought up in the Jordanian hillside town of Salt, famous for the toughness and independence of its citizens.)

Has the king been deliberately manoeuvred into this corner? Perhaps, to gratify the ambition of his officers or more sinister, in collusion with Nasser's agents, who for the last year have been aiming to capture Jordan and its army.

If Ali Abu Nawar and those in the "anti-Glubb" coup had plotted it as a coup to put the king in their power and make it possible for them to deliver him into the hands of his Egyptian and Saudi enemies, any time they wished, they could not have plotted better.

(Copyright)

THE talks which recently took place between Miss Marilyn Monroe and Sir Laurence Olivier may have been of less political importance than those occurring about the same time between President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden; but they were more fun and, in the long run, may do more for Anglo-American goodwill.

The announcement that Marilyn Monroe Productions Inc. would make the film version of Terence Rattigan's "The Sleeping Prince" — with Sir Laurence and Miss Monroe as the stars — was one of the more fascinating pieces of entertainment news.

In London and New York, theatre, I have been looking into it a little more closely.

"In my opinion," Sir Laurence said to me in London, "Miss Monroe has an extremely extraordinary gift of being able to suggest one moment that she is the naughtiest little thing, and the next that she is perfectly innocent."

"The audience leaves the theatre gently lulled into a state of excitement by not knowing which she is, and enjoys it thoroughly. This ability to switch from one mood to the other, and keep the audience guessing, could be achieved only by an accomplished comedienne."

"You will like my new boss," Mr Rattigan said before I left for New York. "There is a childlike quality about her that is very touching."

"It is so incongruous," Miss Monroe told me in New York. "Him and me! That's what is so good about it."

As we talked, a boy wandered in and sat doodling. In due course we were introduced. His name was Jay Kanter. He muttered something about being Marilyn Monroe's agent.

Like Mr Greene, he too seemed extremely diffident. Later, I learned that the boy (I cannot call him anything else) is also the agent of Grace Kelly and Marlon Brando. He is said to be one of the cleverest in New York.

Even with my limited arithmetic it is not difficult to work out that ten percent of that trio should make it possible for Mr Kanter to live graciously.

A means

AS he is also the son-in-law of the head of Paramount, it might be thought that Mr Kanter, who is in his mid-20s, is a conspicuous example of the wisdom of wearing both belt and braces.

From Olivier and Rattigan in London, from the boy executives of Marilyn Monroe Productions Inc. in New York, I was able to piece together the background to the story.

It seems it all began about a year ago. Vivien Leigh saw "How to Succeed in a Millionaire" and told her husband that Marilyn would be perfect as the American girl in the film of "The Sleeping Prince."

Although Miss Leigh had herself played the part on the stage she had already decided that it would be better if an American actress did it on the screen. Sir Laurence saw "How to Succeed in a Millionaire" and agreed.

"I am permanently looking for a comedy to do between Shakespeare productions and clever finding one," he told me. "And I thought it would be fun to do this with Marilyn if it could be arranged."

In the meantime, the same idea had occurred to other people and Hollywood began to show an interest.

The conclusion of any business deal with a film company is a proceeding fraught with guile and evasion. It is a ritual in which stone-faced producers, agents and lawyers go through motions as formal as a ballet.

Like champagne

CABLES flow like champagne. The telephone never rests. Bluff meets bluff. I call it the Ballet of the Stone-faced Men, and once the idea of Olivier and Monroe



OLIVIER

"It would be fun."

RATTIGAN

"You'll like my new boss."

KANTER

Both belt and braces.

GREENE

The Monroe Svengali?

appearing together had got into the air the ballet went into action.

George Cukor, the Hollywood veteran who has directed, among others, Garbo, thought he would like to do it. Weeks passed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer became interested.

The Ballet of the Stone-faced Men ground on like the "Svengali's Apprentice" played in double-slow time.

William Wyler, another outstanding director, thought he would like to do it. So did several others. Weeks turned into months. Then the red-blooded, buccannery John Huston joined the queue.

Huston, now living in Ireland, divides his time between hunting foxes and shooting pictures. Between stunts cups he fell into the habit of telephoning wildly to anyone who would listen, to say that he insisted on directing this team in this picture. As the team was not yet formally in existence no one could oblige him.

Astonished

THE months went by. The Ballet of the Stone-faced Men was not to be hurried. Hollywood does not do business like that. The ritual subtleties, stallings, and non-committal tentative demi-propositions had to go their full course.

It was after about a year of this that Mr Rattigan, chancing to be in New York, was told that Marilyn Monroe would like to meet him.

She said she wanted to buy the film rights of the play for herself anyway; but did he think there was any chance of Sir Laurence doing it with her? She was utterly astonished when Mr Rattigan said he thought there was. "You mean he really would do it? With ME?"

In New York Miss Monroe has since agreed that you and I have knocked her down with

whatever is the American equivalent of a ton of feathers. She had hoped that Olivier would, like Berke, be willing to carry it off. He did not think seriously that it could happen.

And so it happened that while the great pandemics hesitated, the infant corporation named Marilyn Monroe Productions Inc. nipped smartly in and carried off the prize. Hollywood was hoist with its own egotism. The Knight and the Garter had finally come to terms.

(Copyright)

NEXT SATURDAY:
She Has A Mood
For Every Man

"Brains" That Can Ban War

By A Special Correspondent

ANOTHER 'amiable' war weapon has just been perfected and is being put into service by the United States Navy.

It is a self-guiding missile bearing the offensive name of "Petrel" and it is to be employed in the destruction of surface ships in the event of war.

"Electronically and dynamically," runs the official comment, "it is a most complex weapon, for it has a 'brain' to 'think' its way to the target."

This sounds like imaginative nonsense from one of those American 'comic' papers, the proprietors of which now regard space-travel and supermen as commonplace.

In 1939 such claims for a weapon would have been dismissed as extravagant propaganda, just as were Hitler's before the first V-2 landed in London.

Nobody now laughs such claims to scorn. A British missile has actually demonstrated its ability to find, follow and destroy a pilotless aircraft flying high and fast.

The weak part of the "Petrel" story is that the thing is to be launched from aircraft "flying well beyond the range of ship-borne anti-aircraft guns."

Ships of the future will not rely on traditional guns, but will also have guided or self-guiding missiles comparable in range and accuracy.

If the missiles are as accurate as claimed and as tests suggest, mutual destruction of ships and aircraft would seem to be as certain as of two duellists fighting with sub-machine-guns at three paces' distance.

True, a marine torpedo to "home" on the target was promised 40 years ago, rumour insisted that such a torpedo was in use during the last war. Yet nearly 90 percent of the torpedoes fired by the British at the German battleship Bismarck missed her.

Still, all these revelations about miracle weapons are not nonsense. They add to the weight of evidence that there could be no victors in an atomic war.

General Gruenther has said that American atomic bombers could destroy Russia's industries in a few hours.

Who doubts now that the Russians could retaliate in kind? And, in view of that, who would start such a war?

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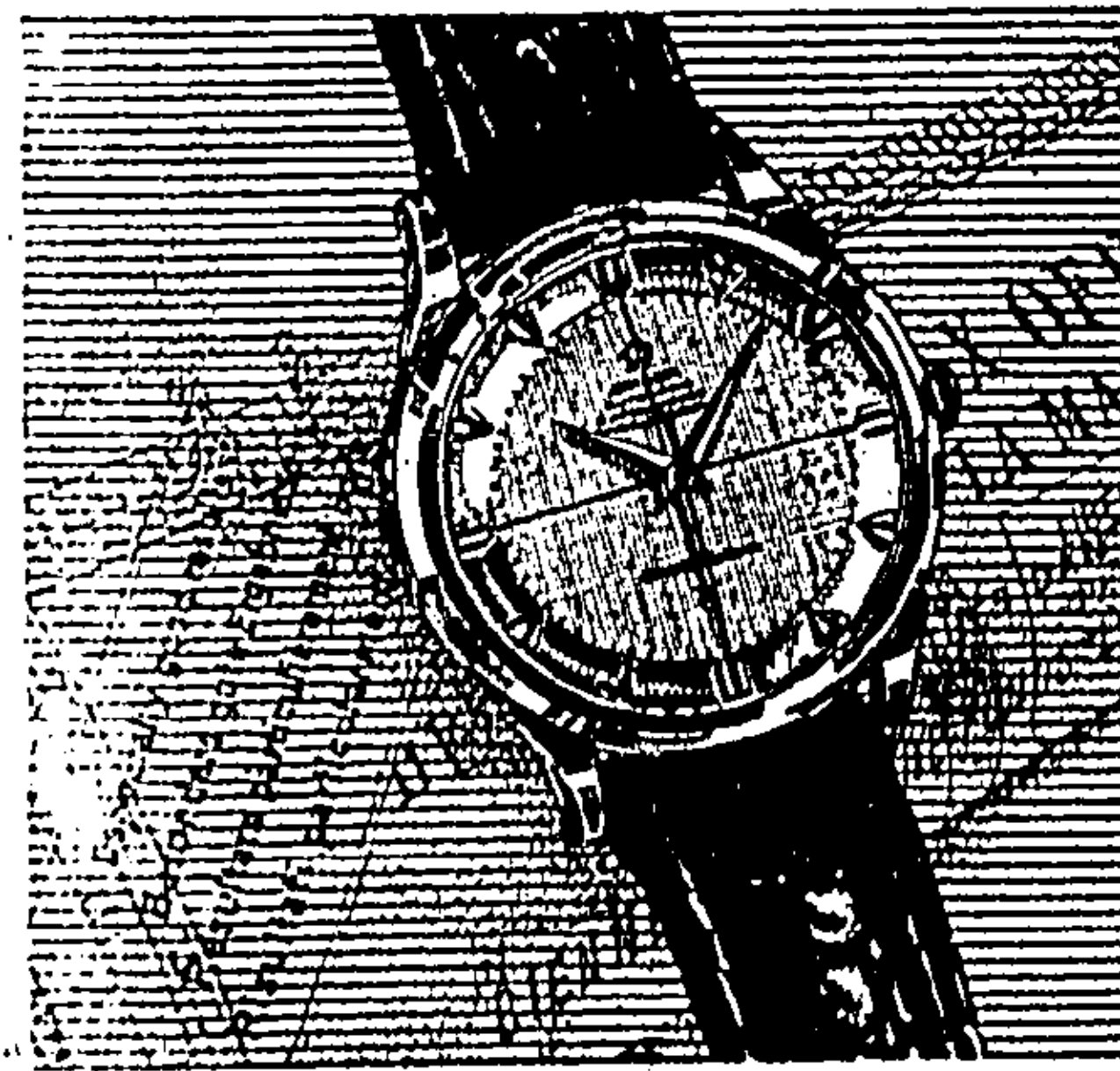
WATER IS PRECIOUS

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They're So Suspicious!

PEOPLE are just naturally suspicious. But it's fantastic how many just don't trust their doctor. "Gives me a bottle of red stuff," says Mrs Clever, "and of course I just pour it down the sink." Or: "He tells me it's just nerves—calls himself a doctor—why, he doesn't know the difference between a heart-beat and a ticking alarm clock."

Many are surprised by the fact that they complain, say, of swellings round the ankles and the doctor listens to the heart.

Or they may complain about their hearts and he feels about in the neck.

A WHOLE UNIT

How many times have patients said to me something like: "There's no point in examining my eyes, doctor — they're all right — it's my left leg that's worrying me."

I suppose they must think doctors dim as fused lights. Next time something like that happens to you in a doctor's surgery give him the benefit of the doubt. There may be a genuine medical problem in his anatomical med-

cells, and something wrong in one organ may give rise to signs and symptoms elsewhere. The other day Mr Wheeler, not appreciating that fact, thought I was as goofy as a Walt Disney spaniel. He had been worried about his stomach, about heartburn, indigestion, lack of appetite, and being generally off

colour. Yet I spent half my examination shining a torch in his mouth.

"It's not up there," he protested. "The trouble is down here in my stomach."

But he was wrong. The cause of his trouble was to be found in his mouth.

"Do your gums ever bleed?" I asked. "Yes," he said, puzzled. He had some gingivitis—a mild infection of the gums. Small pockets had formed between the teeth and the gum margin in which food could collect and a minor inflammation had been set up. It was a

condition that could easily be cured by dental treatment. "But what about my lack of appetite and my stomach symptoms? Can't you give me some medicine for that, doctor?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," I said. "It's your gums. Over a long period you have swallowed small amounts of impure material, and that has given you this off-colour feeling and indigestion and lack of appetite. After you've had

dental treatment that will all clear up."

"How did this or what do you call it... gingivitis start?" he asked.

The sort of gingivitis we're speaking about is caused partly by neglecting to brush the teeth regularly. I answered: "Who would have thought?" he said, "that by not cleaning my teeth all the time I would suffer from heartburn and things. Still, one thing leads to another."

He put on his trilby hat. "And I've got a tip for you, doctor," he continued. "Fish. Boy, it's a treat to watch. Dead, isn't it? I thanked him. But I knew I wouldn't back the horse. I'm suspicious too.

ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY
by CEDRIC CARNE

One of the world's strangest stories

WORLD'S FIRST TEST PILOT

By Harry Harper

IT was an autumn evening in 1783. King Louis XVI of France, with his Queen and the ladies and gentlemen of their Court, were strolling in the grounds of the Palace of Versailles when an official came hurrying across the lawns.

"Three gentlemen from Paris ask for an audience with your Majesty," he said.

"Who are they?" asked the King.

"Two you will have heard of already, Sir. They are the brothers Montgolfier." The King nodded and asked who the third man might be.

"A young chemist from your Royal Museum—M. Pilatre de Rozier," replied the official.

Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier were certainly well known to the King. Their father, a papermaker at Annonay, made specially fine stationery for the Royal household.

Astonishing

"It is of this invention of yours—that this balloon—that you wish to speak?" queried the King. And it was an astonishing story that he and his brother had to tell.

It all began on a November evening in 1782. They were sitting in front of a fire in their house at Annonay, speculating about the great problems which men of science had yet to solve.

"This smoke now," Joseph said. "This smoke and heated air from the fire which we see going up the chimney. If it could be imprisoned in some way, and made to exercise a lifting power, would it not raise something from the ground into the air?"

Etienne suggested the use of a round paper bag with



The hot-air balloon which carried De Rozier and D'Arlandes five miles across Paris.

an opening at the bottom. This was made, and a big chafin-dish was filled with a mixture of chopped straw and wool. But when set alight they found it was difficult to hold the bag over the chafin-dish. At this moment the widow of a tradesman, living opposite, saw smoke coming out of their window, and ran across to watch what was going on. She noted that the bag was difficult to hold, and she suggested attaching it to the dish by cords. This they did.

As soon as the bag was fully inflated with heated air the cords were cut and, to the delight of the brothers and the astonishment of the spectator, the bag lifted itself into the air and rose to the ceiling.

That simple experiment was the real beginning of man's conquest of the air.

A much larger paper bag sent up on an outdoor test rose to an estimated height of 600 feet. The first living creatures to ascend into the air in any kind of man-made air machine were a sheep, a cockerel and a duck. Placed in a wicker basket beneath a big Montgolfier, they went up several hundred feet and sailed through the air for a mile and a half, coming slowly to earth as the hot air cooled.

The three occupants seemed none the worse; true, the cockerel was found to have a slight injury to one wing, but this was not due to the upper air but to a kick from the sheep!

Who Should be First?

Joseph and Etienne had come to ask the King for an important decision. They explained they had now learned enough to construct a balloon capable of lifting a man into the air. But who should be the first human being thus to be elevated? This was a matter, they both thought, for a Royal command.

The King was inclined to be sceptical. He thought that any human who ventured up in a balloon would be lucky to return to earth alive. But he made a constructive suggestion. In a Paris pool, at that moment were two criminals under sentence of death. As their lives were already forfeit, suggested Louis, why not let them be the first to be sent up beneath this man-carrying balloon?

Before Joseph or Etienne could reply, young Pilatre de Rozier—hitherto silent—stepped forward. "With all respect, Sir," he said, "the honour of being first in the world to leave the earth is a life, is too great for a couple of criminals." The King raised his eyebrows. "My request," answered De Rozier, "is that I myself may be allowed to make this first test." The King smiled, and gave his permission.

Up She Goes

For the first human ascent the Montgolfiers built a balloon larger than any previous one. It was constructed with an outer covering of linen specially impregnated and waterproofed, and an inner lining of toughened paper made in the brothers' own factory.

Its capacity was a little more than 60,000 cubic feet, and when fully inflated stood over 70 ft. high. Its greatest diameter was 30 ft., tapering to 10 ft. at the neck at the lower end. Inside this neck they fitted a large brazier attached by a series of stout cords. Round the outside of the neck they slung a wicker-work platform—the open air cockpit for the world's first aeropilot—and from there he was to feed bundles of straw into the brazier with a plectrum to maintain the necessary heat.

On October 15, 1783, De Rozier, pale but composed, took his place on the platform and signalled for the tethering ropes to be paid out. For this first experiment it was decided that the balloon should be allowed to go up not more than 80 or 100 feet held captive by the ropes.

The balloon rose smoothly, with De Rozier leaning over the side of his gallery and waving to the crowd below. Up it went until it tugged at the restraining ropes, 100 feet or so above the ground.

For five minutes De Rozier kept the balloon straining at its ceiling limit. Then, by letting the fire die out, he came down gently for a perfect landing.

Another page

Surrounded by a cheering crowd, he lifted an arm for silence and called out:

"This day, my friends, will be remembered as long as there are men anywhere to remember anything, for it is the first time in history that a human being has risen from the ground and descended again safely, in a man-lifting air machine."

Captive ascents soon failed to satisfy De Rozier. He said he would turn another page in history by making the world's first free flight through the air. In this he did not find himself alone. One of the King's cousins, the Marquis d'Arlandes, had been fascinated by the Montgolfiers' experiments, and when it became known that De Rozier intended to make a free flight over Paris the Marquis asked to be allowed to accompany him.

De Rozier agreed, and the ascent was made from the Bois de Boulogne.

A light wind was blowing, and as the balloon rose slowly its occupants waved their hats to the crowd below. Drifting in a south-easterly direction, the balloon was soon more than 500 feet high. But now its two occupants found themselves faced by a sudden peril. Parts of the lower section of the balloon round the neck, just above the fire, began to smoulder.



No man had seen what De Rozier now saw—Paris from 500 ft. up... A "still" from a film of De Rozier's exploits

Fortunately they had been advised to take up with them two buckets of water and two large sponges. Seizing these, De Rozier and the Marquis began to wet the smouldering patches round the neck of the balloon. Dabbling as fast as they could at every point where fire was threatening, they managed to quench each outbreak.

Death of an Idol

By this time they had been in the air about 25 minutes and had flown for between five or six miles across Paris. Having left the boulevards behind and seeing open ground beneath, they stopped stroking the fire. Slowly the balloon came down in a field near the Butte-aux-Cailles.

As soon as De Rozier and the Marquis stepped down from their gallery, smoke-begrimed but triumphant, they were surrounded by wildly-chattering spectators, some of whom seized De Rozier's coat and tore it into small pieces for souvenirs.

De Rozier became the idol of Paris. But he was still not satisfied. He felt improvements could be made in hot-air balloons and this led him to work out a design of his own. He planned to use not only hot air but also the newly discovered hydrogen gas. In an upper compartment of his balloon he

placed hydrogen to obtain a constant lift, while below was the hot-air chamber. He realised fully the inflammability of hydrogen gas but believed the two containers to be sufficiently far apart.

And so a composite balloon of this type was built under De Rozier's supervision. In its first ascent, when he was joined by a friend, M. Romain, the balloon rose about 3,000 feet. Suddenly there was a flash of light just above the balloon. This was followed by flashes of flame, and a moment later the balloon was torn to pieces by a violent explosion.

A spark

The worst had happened—a spark had burnt its way into the hydrogen bag. With tattered portions of fabric flaming behind the balloon crashed to the ground, killing both De Rozier and his companion instantaneously.

So the name of this young Frenchman is written twice in history, once as the first man ever to leave the ground in any man-made air machine, and secondly as the first aeronaut in the world to lose his life in an air disaster. He was also the first of a long line of test pilots to die while striving for greater safety in air travel.

(COPYRIGHT)

MY 30s. SECRET OF THE DESERT

From TOM POCOCK

SIX yards of Damascus, brocade, size eight... Turkish Delight... a Bokhara carpet. That was the Middle East shopping list compiled for me by London friends who well knew they would be lucky to get a postcard of the Pyramids.

But, then, SHE had said, "Bring me one of the perfumes of Arabia."

So my quest began. I looked not for the dinky little scent bottles in huge cardboard boxes you buy in Europe. I wanted a true Arabian perfume to conjure with the scent of black incense, the song of nightingales in the flame trees and the diamond-glitter of stars over the desert.

In the dusty labyrinth of the Mousky bazaars of old Cairo, where the coppersmiths hammer and the donkeys bray and the sunlight filters through latticed awnings, I found my goal.

INTO THE PALACE

OVER a Moorish arch was written in gilt Victorian lettering: "The Palace of Perfumes." I remembered that the proprietor, a Mr. Ahmed Soliman, was indeed, as he advertised, "A Purveyor of Oriental Perfumes of the Most Exclusive Grades and Enticing Kinds to a Great Number of the Royal Families."

Inside, the Palace of Perfumes, dim-lit, is furnished with beaded cushions, low crass-topped tables and latticed screens. A little fountain splashes.

Old Mr. Soliman, who looked a little like Farouk, died several years ago, and his son, who looks a little like Lieut.-Colonel Nasser, reigns in his stead. Over

cups of thick, black coffee we began to talk business.

Ahmed Soliman Jun., offered some incense of Arabia, "the perfume of the hours of the office," some scented cigarettes—"Mr. Noel Coward like these very much"—and a curious tonic, to be taken in coffee, which, says the label, "will, for a time, reopen the Portals of the Realm of Youth."

Mr. Soliman explained about Oriental scent. He told me about the contributions of whales, cats, deer, and the Russian beaver.

And he told me about flower scents: "For one ounce of perfume we take 300 lbs. of flowers, but for the Duke of Windsor we made special perfume—for each ounce one room full of blossoms!"

ANAESTHETIC

HEAVY perfume is best for older women, I was told. Flower scents, such as jasmine, gardenia, narcissus, and lily of the valley—are for girls.

I settled for a lot of Secret of the Desert. It cost 30 shillings, looks like creme de menthe and is 10 times stronger than French scent. It is practically an anaesthetic.

I also took away with me samples of a dozen or so expensive perfumes which Mr. Soliman had dabbed on the backs of my hands and on my handkerchief.

That was six hours ago. Since then I have been washing and scrubbing with a brick of green kitchen soap. But I am still as essential as a cavalier.

With a start of horror I have remembered Mr. Soliman's words: "In an ancient queen's tomb at Luxor they discovered a jar that had contained jasmim scent and after 3,500 years it still had strong perfume!"

So, back to the bathroom. If petrol, chlorophyll and disinfectant fail—well, I may never be able to return to Fleet Street.

FIRST REAL DIET DISCOVERY FOR YEARS

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

CONSOLATION for all the overweight people who find it near-impossible to stick to a reducing diet comes from the doctors today.

They have found that though fat people may look alike they are really of two constitutional types and one of them can diet with much less physical and mental strain than the other.

TYPE ONE can fast fairly easily, but lose little but their excess fat when they go on a tough diet.

TYPE TWO people immediately start losing protein from their muscles as well. They go into "negative nitrogen balance," as the doctors say, and this creates a much stronger craving for food. Their emotional reaction to lack of normal meals is also much more severe.

Some display distressing "withdrawal symptoms" like addicts who have been suddenly deprived of drugs.

Tougher

TYPE TWO people not only find it harder to lose weight but are much more likely to regain it rapidly when they stop dieting because they cannot resist the temptation to eat.

So if two overweight women begin to diet, one may give up before the other not because she is weak-willed but simply because the ordeal is infinitely tougher for her.

The discovery of this constitutional difference between fat people has made doctors realise that through ignorance they have often been callously indifferent to the difficulties of their overweight patients.

As Miss M. E. Furnivall, chief dietitian to London's St. Bartholomew's Hospital, puts it: "Obesity is a complicated medical problem, not a moral issue. The responsibility for weight reduction cannot in fairness be

placed entirely on to the patient."

The modern trend has been to attribute almost all obesity to gluttony and simply to order patients to eat less.

Some idea of how tough dieting is for many people who desperately want to slim is given by the result of a two-year study of a large number of overweight people in Boston, U.S.

The people were weighed and then separated into three groups. Group One was sent home without any advice. The members of the second group were given individual dieting instructions at a hospital clinic. The third was encouraged to diet for several weeks as a group so that the members could give each other moral support.

TWO years later the whole lot were reweighed. They were nearly all as fat as ever, and there was no appreciable difference between the three groups. Those who had lost weight on the diet had quickly relapsed and put it back on again.

Have the doctors anything to offer the overweight who cannot diet apart from sympathy? Yes. EXERCISE is an effective alternative, they say.

The weight-reducing value of exercise has been ridiculed by dietitians without good reason, they claim. Walking hard for an hour a day may take off only one ounce of fat, but over the year this would add up to more than a stone and a half.

A benefit

REGULAR exercise offers a further benefit. Dr. Reginald Passmore, of Edinburgh University, points out. It may gradually reset the "appetiser"—the appetite regulating mechanism in the brain—at a lower level so that dieting becomes less difficult.

Hospital trials suggest that about five fat people out of every 10 belong to Type Two. They just cannot keep their weight down by dieting.

But as slimming is so effective in improving general health and extending life-span the experts are urging all over-weights to make a strenuous effort to diet before deciding that they belong to the "irreducible 50 per cent."

BUT IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE OTHER 5

FOR those determined to follow Miss Furnivall's advice she suggests this simple slimming system:— Make up a daily intake of 1,000 to 1,500 calories—according to your doctor's advice—from the following tables:—

100 CALORIE PORTIONS

1 Egg	1½oz.
¾ oz. Cheese	Beef, corned
1oz.	Liver
Beef, lean	Chicken
Ham, lean	Kidney
Mutton	2oz.
Bread	Horseradish
	Crab meat
	Biscuits
	Flax seeds
2 Cream Crackers	Salmon, tinned
	Smoked haddock
	3oz.
	Whole milk
Rabbit	10oz.
Tripe	Skimmed milk
White fish	
Kipper	

50 CALORIE PORTIONS

¼oz.	Dripping
Butter	1-5th oz.
Margarine	Oil
Cooking fat	

FOODS TO BE AVOIDED

Made up dishes: Sausages, fried foods; Pastry, pies, cakes; Thick gravy, sauces; Sweet biscuits, cereals; Ice-cream, nuts; Sugar, sweets, jam, marmalade, glucose; Potatoes, beans, peas, beetroot; Bananas, unned or dried fruits; Alcohol.

THESE MAY BE TAKEN FREELY

Tea, Coffee (ground or instant), Water, Clear broth, Beef extract, Fresh fruit drinks, Pepper, mustard, vinegar, salt.

EXAMPLE OF 1,000 CALORIE DIET

Milk 6oz. (10 calories)	100 cal.
Bread, 2oz. (3 thin slices)	300 "
Butter, 1oz. (100 "	
Ham, 3oz. (300 "	
Smoked haddock, 3oz.	100 "
Permitted vegetables and fruits ad lib. about	1,000 "

EVERY RECORD WE MAKE TOPS 50,000



One of Britain's biggest record companies has announced an all-time high profit of more than half a million pounds.

By Christopher Hall

IN the big-business struggle to sell records, figures are more secret than next year's Honours List. But today for the first time I present a list compiled with the help of music publishers, artists' agents, and song-pluggers. It gives you the top ten names of the Turn-table League, Division One.

To get into that league you need to be able to sell more than 50,000 copies of ANY record yet

Another claims that its sales are up by a third. Today Page Eight ranks the stars that make these remarkable figures possible.....

have thought it? Silvester, silver-haired king of the strict tempo style, peddles a million records every year. He's been doing it since 1934.

After him, another dance-band shock. Right up in the big time now is Jimmy Shand, the shy, middle-aged Scots band leader who rarely comes South in person.

He is a regular on Housewives' Choice, and that keeps his discs turning well off the relegation zone. His latest hit, "Bluebell Polka," soared over the 100,000 mark.

The other top-selling band leader is Mantovani. He is a bigger hit in America than Britain. And that leaves comedian and entertainer Max Bygraves as the only other man to pass the 50,000 minimum, effortlessly, and just as a sideline to clowning.

There are many nudging that vital figure. There are many who sell more than that from time to time—and then drop right out of the running.

Vera Lynn, still sweet-sounding, the world's largest, sells over

200,000 with a hit. But without a hit she has dropped to less than a tenth of that before now. Two or three routine discs will put even the biggest star in Division Two. That's how keen it is at the top.

(KENNETH ALLSOP'S RECORD REVIEWS ON PAGE 18)

JOHNNY HAZARD

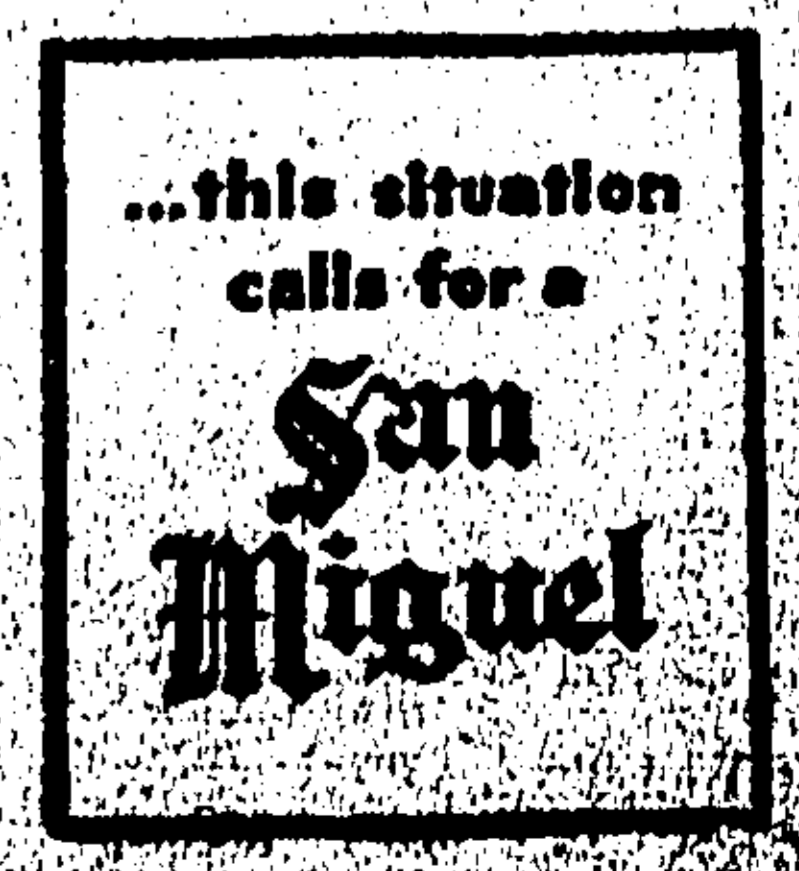


WHAT'S THAT POOL KID DOING GETTING ON THEIR BARS?

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, STEFF! NO SENSE LEAVING ANY EVIDENCE OF OUR VISIT!

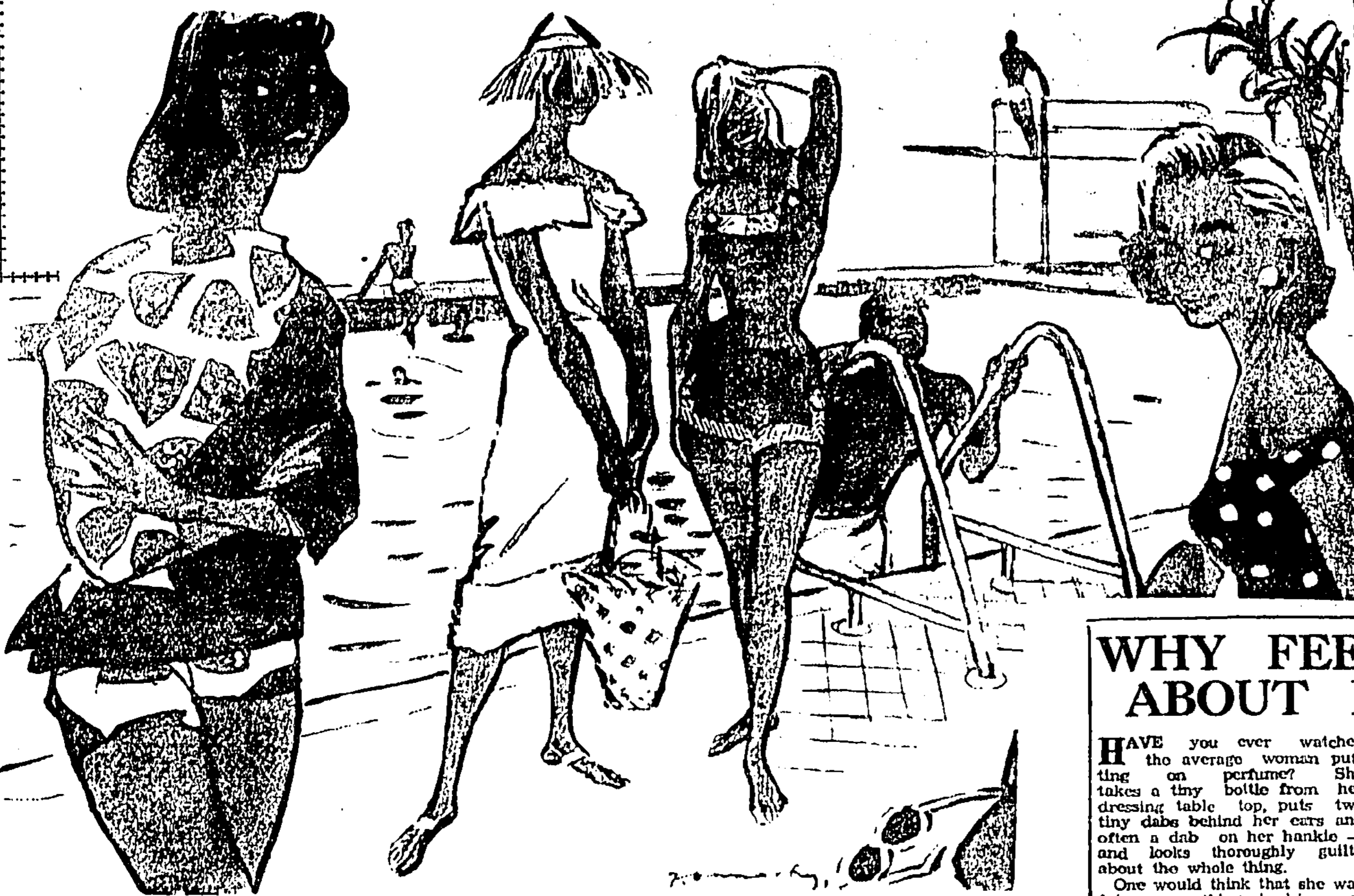


By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

What's this? Swimsuits in April?



Yes... and
Demachy
helps you
to plan

THIS is the right time
to plan your holi-
day clothes—and this year
there's plenty of new.

Demachy has sketched
four swim and play out-
fits by a sunny pool.

ON THE LEFT: a
Florentine tunic made
partly of plain orange
cotton, partly of white
cotton printed with a
heraldic design, worn
over brief shorts.

The simple dress with
the cuffed neckline is in a
wonderful blue tulle.

The swimmer wears a
suit with chemise top
and legs cut like shorts;
made of close-knit wool
fabric in knicker-bike,
striped with white.

The spotted cotton
swimsuit has a tiny
separate pleated skirt.

WHY FEEL GUILTY ABOUT PERFUME?

HAVE you ever watched the average woman putting on perfume? She takes a tiny bottle from her dressing table top, puts two tiny dabs behind her ears and often a dab on her hand— and looks thoroughly guilty about the whole thing. One would think that she was doing something shocking—not something that is so specially feminine and delightful as "smelling pretty."

There is nothing "wicked" about perfume, although from the surly expression some women use it one would think that there was. I am not suggesting that everyone should drench themselves in perfume, but there are times when moderation can go a little too far.

EXCITING

The smartest woman I ever met had the most delightful perfume that almost became part of her personality. As she entered the room one became aware of something exciting—it was that little extra something that added so completely to her charm.

Such a wonderful selection of perfumes are available that there is bound to be something to please YOU. If, at the thought of perfume, you begin to think of tiny bottles with price tags

well over the budget level you can think again. There are plenty of moderately priced perfumes as well that can be thoroughly recommended.

Remember that perfume lasts for such a long time—even if you do begin to be a little less niggardly in your applications.

One point to remember is that a perfume that is perfect for your friend may be hopelessly for you. Everyone I know uses lavender water successfully—but on me it seems to take the most extraordinary change and smells more like a chemical than a toilet water.

BIG DIFFERENCE

Don't forget that there is a big difference between perfume and toilet water. Toilet water is much cheaper and more diluted than perfume and is meant to be used lavishly.

Rub down with it after a bath ready for a special occasion, spritz some in the water when you wash your finest undies, rub your hands with it.

Men love perfume—and they love to buy it for their wives and girl friends, but buying perfume for someone else is always a risky business. Unless one knows that a girl has a special favourite in the perfume line it is safer to stick to nylons.

— Margaret Easton

The Boussac Prints Are A New Challenge To French Fashion

WITH the arrival of spring, two travelling shows take to the road.

One is a circus. The other is the Marcel Boussac all-cotton fashion show in France, featuring fabrics woven in one or other of M. Boussac's 56 cotton mills scattered throughout the country.

This second annual series of presentations, scheduled to four 116 cities between March 20 and June 9, is destined to show the public that France, as well as the United States and other countries, can turn out good mass produced clothes at popular prices.

The new collection comprises 140 models, designed by 60 different French ready-to-wear manufacturers, highlighting pretty and inexpensive Boussac cottons.

★ ★ ★

This French cotton king puts his show on the road in much the same manner as a circus. Five tons of material, including all necessary equipment to transform a bare auditorium, is transported in four vans. There is a portable runway and dressing room for the mannequins; and decorations for the hall or theatre.

Some 22 people travel the same road simultaneously in a private Pullman car. The show, which frequently lasts less than an hour, involves the combined efforts of a director and his assistant, six mannequins and their dressers, a master of ceremonies, a pianist, a sound engineer, a mechanic, and a stage decorator.

★ ★ ★

The feat represents months of careful organisation, begun last September, when seven publicity agents visited each of the 116 cities to contact retail stores and shops for commercial exploitation. One thousand firms have collaborated, and stock either the finished garments, or fabric to be sold by the yard.

The inauguration of this spring's showings took place on March 15 at Les Baux-en-Provence, in the South of France.

The clothes, which are simply styled and well made, prove that the greatest demand from the average woman, is for easy, undated silhouettes which leave high fashion trends strictly alone.

Marcel Boussac may be the financial backer of Christian Dior, but he realises that every woman is not a potential Dior client. Here are clothes that are attractive, easy to wear, made of nice quality fabrics and within reach of every pocket-book. Some fabrics retail for about a dollar (about 7/6d) a yard.

Waistlines are slim and set at the natural place. Skirts are full, or feature ease through

pleats or youthfully tiered flounces. Bodices are in shirt-waist style, or are sleeveless with bare necklines covered by little shoulder capes which sometimes transform into open-crowned sun shades.

There are separates to mix and to match.

Two ensembles contrived of solid toned tangerine coloured cotton, and a contrasting tangerine, black and white striped print, add up to four different costumes.

Other features are the slim travelling ensembles with three

or four pieces; the brilliant toned, waterproofed "rain or shine" coats paired for mother and daughter; and the practical beach and bath robes made of Jalla terry cloth.

The Boussac prints make special news this season, started in unusual new designs developed after extensive research. Sailing vessels are taken from antique English engravings, floral motifs from delicate china dinner plates, while sheer poplins are printed with floral stripes reminiscent of Victorian wallpaper.—China Mail Special.

DRAPES VARY THE WAISTLINE

By MARIE FONTAINE

A GREAT deal has been said about pastel and bright shades for spring wear. But an extensive use of black, in light-weight wools for day and low-necked dinner dresses, deserves just as much attention.

Quite a number of the Paris designers, especially Balmain, Dior and Givenchy, who incline towards softly-draped effects, are favouring black lightweight wools just now. Because of their penchant for draped effects they are able to vary the waistline. For instance, sometimes it is suggested well up under the bust or way down around the hips.

A theme which is popular at Christian Dior is one in which the draped effect appears as natural as if the wearer had just wrapped herself in the fabric and wound it so that the end disappears in the neckline, leaving the shoulders bare and the waist undefined.

In contrast, Hubert de Givenchy, who has a particular liking for black wool crepe, combines soft drapings with a dropped waistline.

Pierre Balmain has other ideas to obtain new waistline effects. To raise the waistline, he resorts to the camouflage of high draped cummerbunds, and to boleros which accompany narrow dropped waists.

An inserted belt, rising in front to just beneath the bustline, is an effective way of raising the waistline. This is achieved

in the Lanvin collection to suggest a high waistline on many wool dresses for day wear. Worn under the new little coats called "canezoux", these models appear in pale shades such as sauté almond, oatmeal, and coffee with milk. Another waistline effect comes from Jean Frenes, who places a curved leather belt midway between the bust and the waist of a light beige wool dress.

A skirt, which rises well above the real waistline to join an abbreviated bodice ending under the bustline, is the subtlest use by Jacques Heim on an almond green wool dress. Another subtly on a grey flecked tweed dress worn with a white starched collar—is a martingale belt that starts high up at the sides in front and dips in the back to the natural waistline. This designer also uses a wide martingale belt to raise the waist in the back on a pale grey Glen check dress.

With the same object in mind, Christian Dior places a wide martingale belt above the waistline in front, where it is maintained by two buttons, on a bright coral dress. Another example of high waist effects due to belts, tied straps, bows or draped ends are not only numerous, but form the main theme in this collection.

The waistline is often bloused at Jean Frenes, and also at Jacques Heim. In one example at the former house the waistline is bloused at the natural line in bold wool, whereas at Heim it is bloused at the hips on a jacket accompanying a sheath dress in a fine yellow, green and black wool.

Summing up, the main idea of the spring collection is to vary the waistline. This is achieved



1. PIERRE BALMAIN: The waist appears to be higher owing to the deceptive high draped cummerbund worn on this black wool crepe dress. The narrow skirt is enlivened by a floating panel at the back. 2. CHRISTIAN DIOR: The draped effect softens the waistline and raises it on this lightweight black wool dress wrapped over to one side in front, leaving the shoulders. 3. HUBERT DE GIVENCHY: The draped effect dips in the back and draws the waistline to the hips on this black wool crepe dress with a high, flat front. 4. LANVIN (CASTELLO): The canezoux conceals the waist and reveals the tailored collar of this pale verdigris-shaped wool dress, which fits in the collarless neckline of the coat. The skirt is flared in a trumpet line. 5. JACQUES HEIM: The waist is raised at the back by four buttons. These keep in place a folded piece on either side. The dress is in a grey and white Glen check.

by boleros, canezoux effects, ties and bows. In this worn over dresses, belts placed collection the waistline is such just under the bustline, bands of that the mere art of wearing fabrics inserted, nearer the jewellery is sufficient to alter than the waist, draped the proportions of the silhouette.

DON'T FORCE JUNIOR TO PRACTISE MUSIC

WHEN Johnny doesn't want to practise his music, don't force him to.

This advice to any parent with a stubborn, junior-size musician in the family comes from Mrs. Fay Templeton Frisch, well-known music educator and consultant.

"Force a child to practise, and he builds a barrier immediately against music," said Mrs. Frisch, in an interview.

The other course? Mrs. Frisch said parents should show an interest in what the child is trying to learn, encourage him with praise of what he has accomplished so far, and forget that so many hours each

week must be devoted to practice.

Mrs. Frisch, who for 20 years was supervisor of piano classes in New Rochelle, N.Y., advocates the group method of teaching music.

"Then, the child is competing at his own level," she explained. "Not trying to match what a professional—the music teacher—does. In the classroom, the child can say, 'If Tommy can do that, so can I.'"

—United Press



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A group of members of varying ages taken at the annual dinner of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association. This year's President, Mr Tang Yau-ting, is in centre, in long gown. Right: The Headmaster, the Rev. George She, in conversation with Col H. B. L. Dowbiggin. (Staff Photographer)



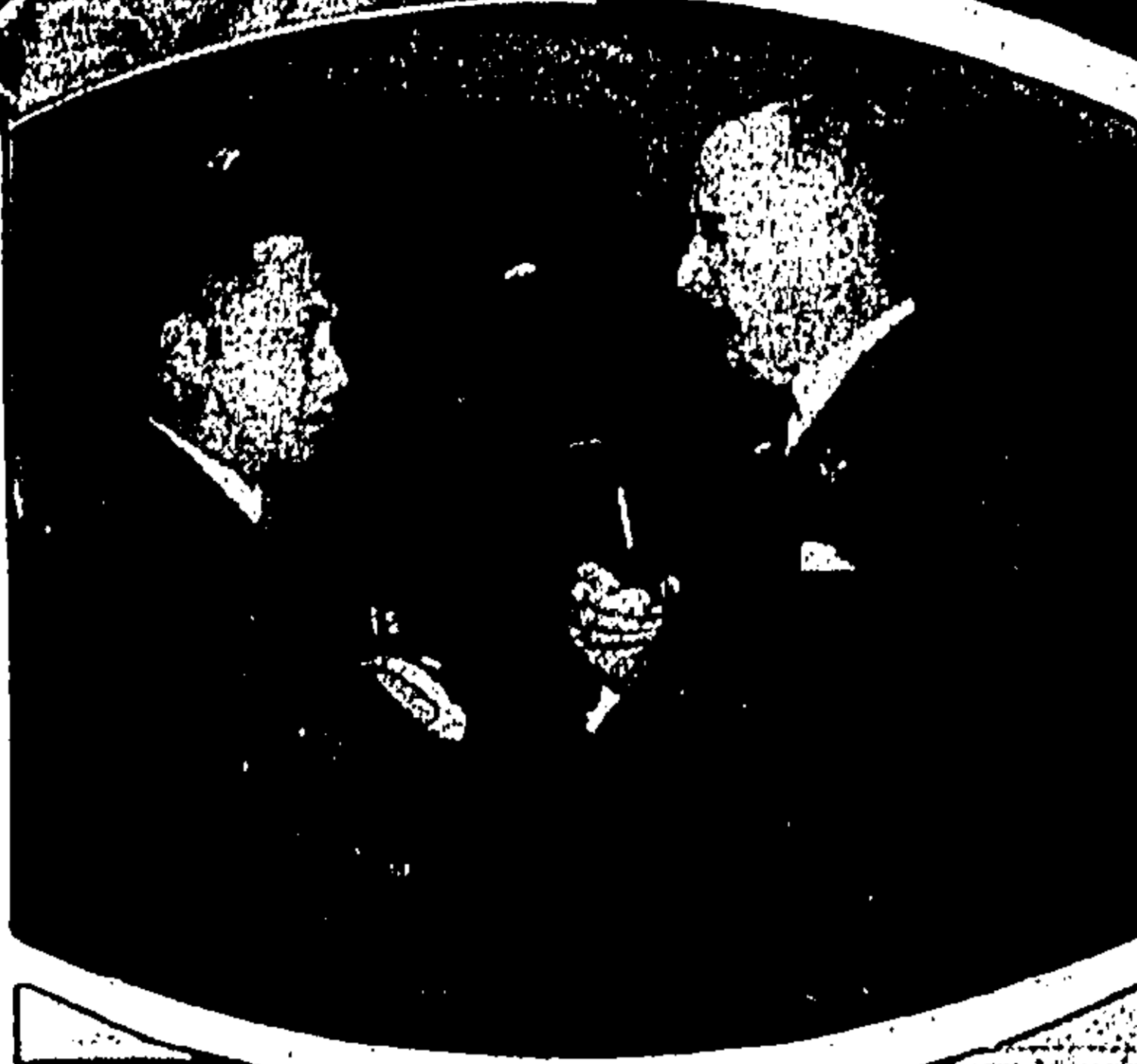
HIS Excellency the Governor and party arriving at the Roxy Theatre for the premiere of "The Man Who Never Was," in aid of the Auxiliary Fire Service Welfare and Recreation Club. On right is Mrs N. Li. (Staff Photographer)



MR Loong Ping-tong, the new Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, is second from left. Picture made at the inauguration of the new Board. (Staff Photographer)



AU Chung-sing (centre), of South China AA, won the Lion Rock hill climb last Sunday. Second was Chan Hung-man (left); Lau Tak-yiu (right) came third. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Henry Uytengsu and their attendants on the steps of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance Church after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was Miss Louise Chen. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Friends of Mr and Mrs R. B. R. Goraly at the christening of their son, Nigel Svend Fordwych, at St John's Cathedral. (Eddie Ching)

THE 6th Kowloon Girl Guide Company, who won the challenge shield for the best display at the Guides' Exhibition at the Jockey Club Hut, Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)

MRS L. C. Saville, wife of the Postmaster-General, presents the Hogarth Shield to Lam Woo-hoi, captain of the Hongkong Postmen's "A" team, winners of the Post Office inter-departmental soccer tournament. (Staff Photographer)

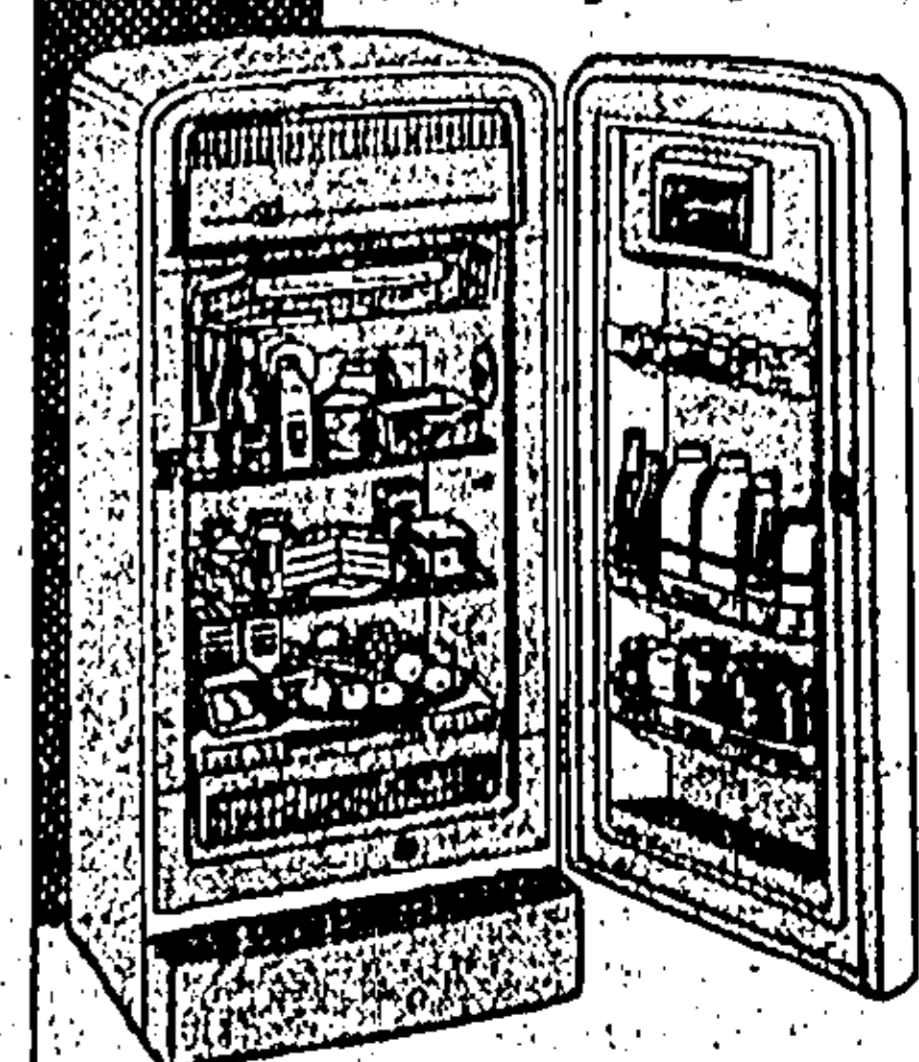


BOYS of the Hongkong Sea School talk with an American sailor on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier, USS Shangri-la, which they visited last Sunday. Below: The Shangri-la's softball team and Hongkong's Combined Chinese, who had a friendly game during the carrier's stay here. (Staff Photographer)



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MR C. L. Chan receiving a prize for billiards from Mr V. V. Needa, who presided at the annual meeting of the Sports Club. (Staff Photographer)

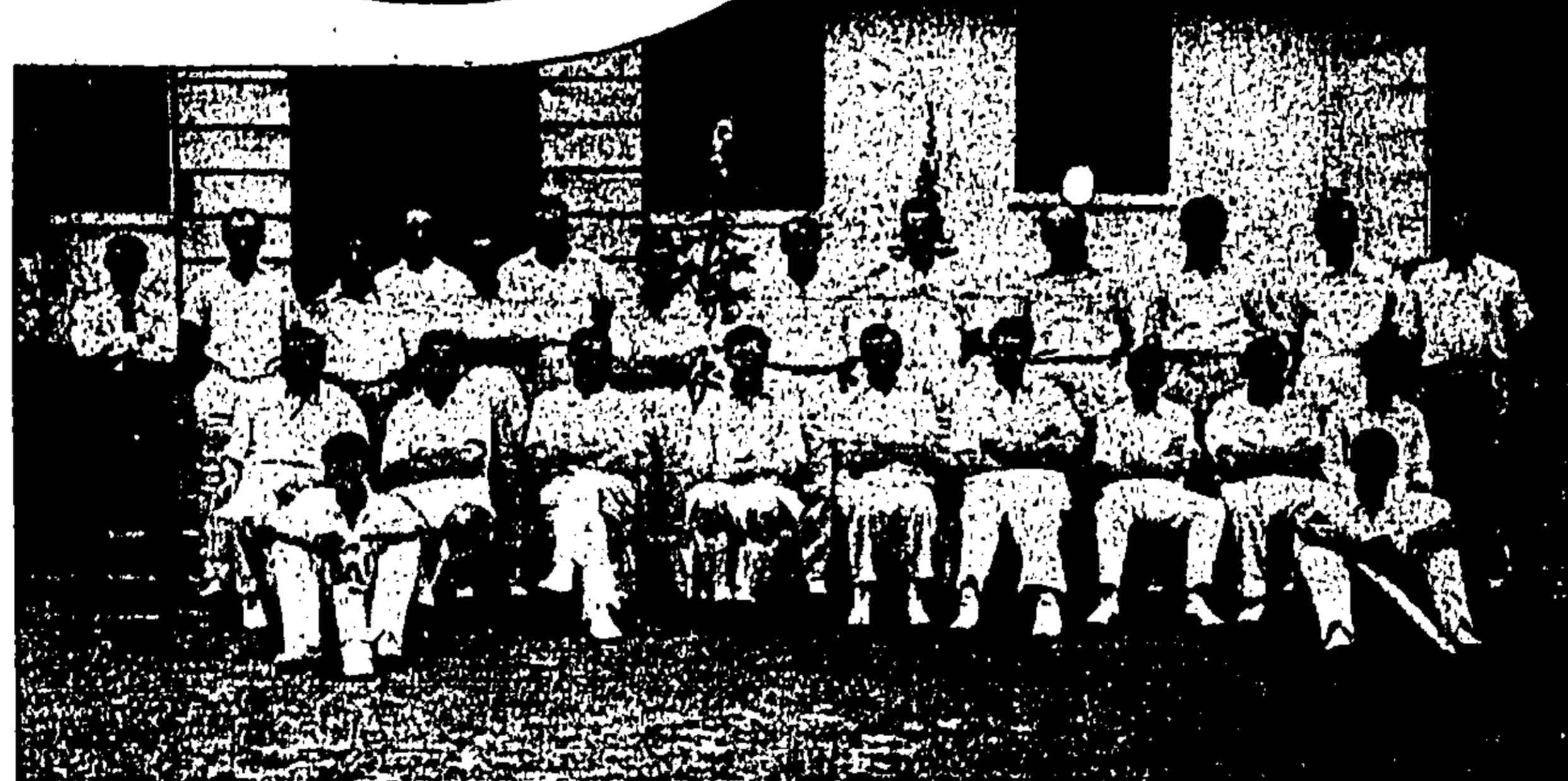


MRS K. C. Yoo, wife of the Director of Medical and Health Services, presenting certificates to graduate nurses at the Queen Mary Hospital. Receiving her certificate is Miss Ivy Woo. (Staff Photographer)



MR Samuel Goldwyn, the veteran Hollywood film producer, surrounded by a welcoming crowd when he attended the gala premiere here of his latest picture, "Guys And Dolls," at the Hoover Theatre. Of five finalists in the contest, Mr Goldwyn picked Miss Irene Mattos (left) as the Hongkong Goldwyn Girl. (Staff Photographer)

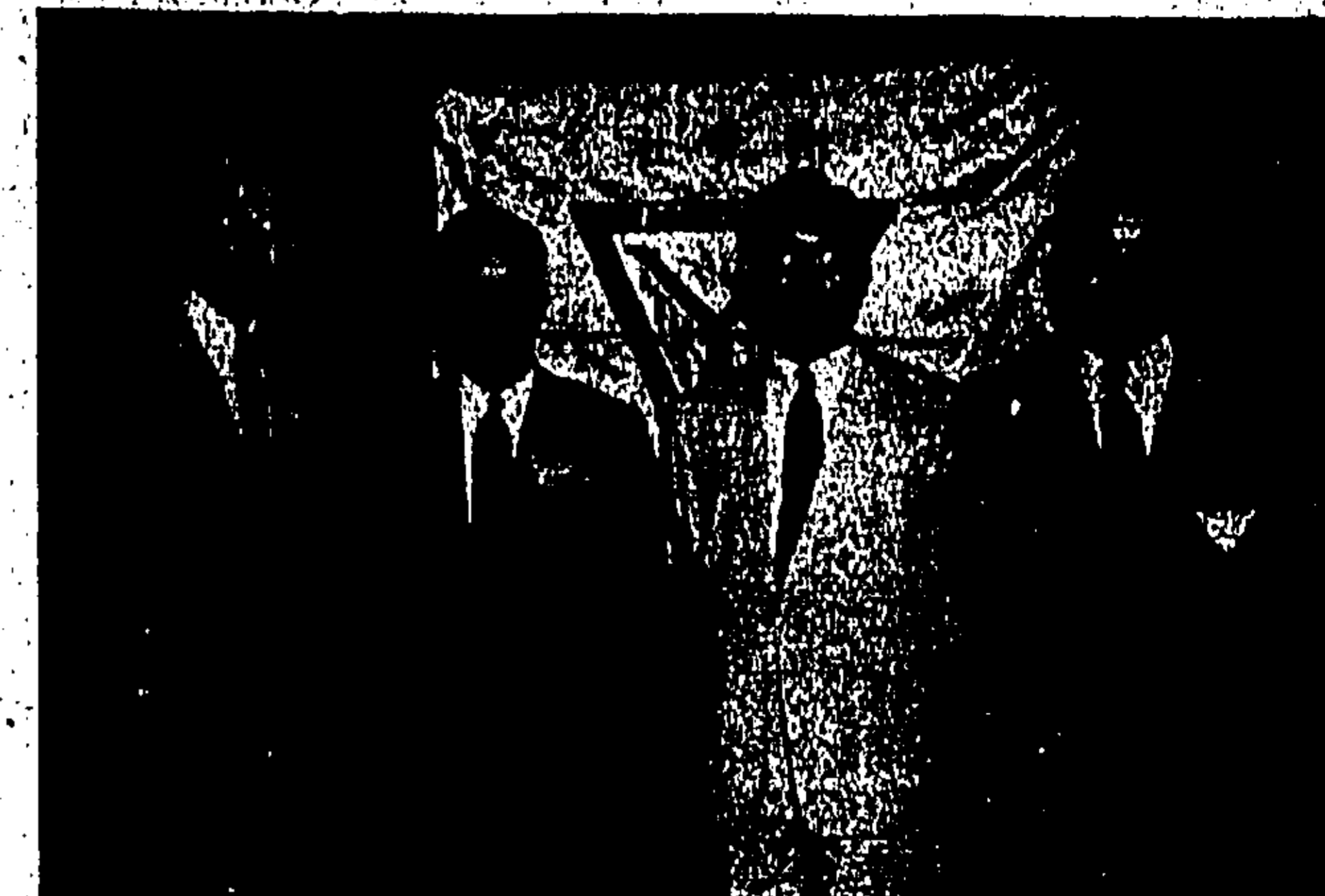
BELOW: Teams representing the Legal Department and Police who met in a friendly cricket match last Sunday at Happy Valley. The Legal Department won by three wickets. (Staff Photographer)



MR Arthur Gomes, the new President of the Toastmasters' Club (left), seen with Mr Duncan Dang and Mr Victor Mamak at the Club's installation dinner held at the Miramar Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



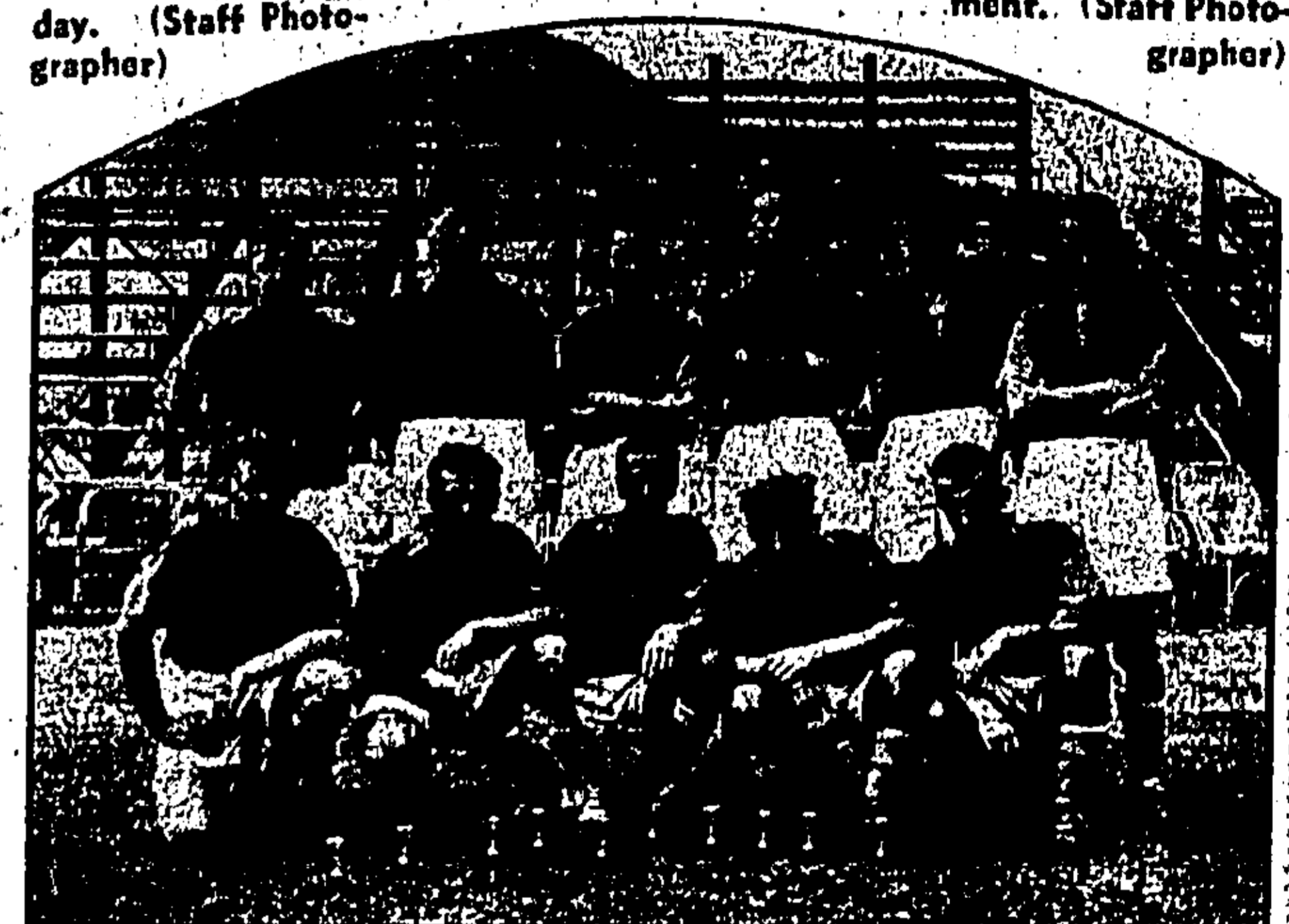
BELOW: Mr Tsang On-ning, of the South China Morning Post photographic staff, and Miss Choy Koon-lin, who were married at Shatin last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MR John Yuen was inducted last week as this year's President of the Hongkong Y's Men's Club. In picture are seen, from left, the Rev. Loren E. Noren, Mr Ramon Y. W. Kan, Mr William Golangco and Mr Yuen. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: MR Giovanni Pereira and Miss Melin Maria da Carmo Gomes with friends after their wedding at the Rosary Church on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



Westinghouse



have made a study of airconditioning...

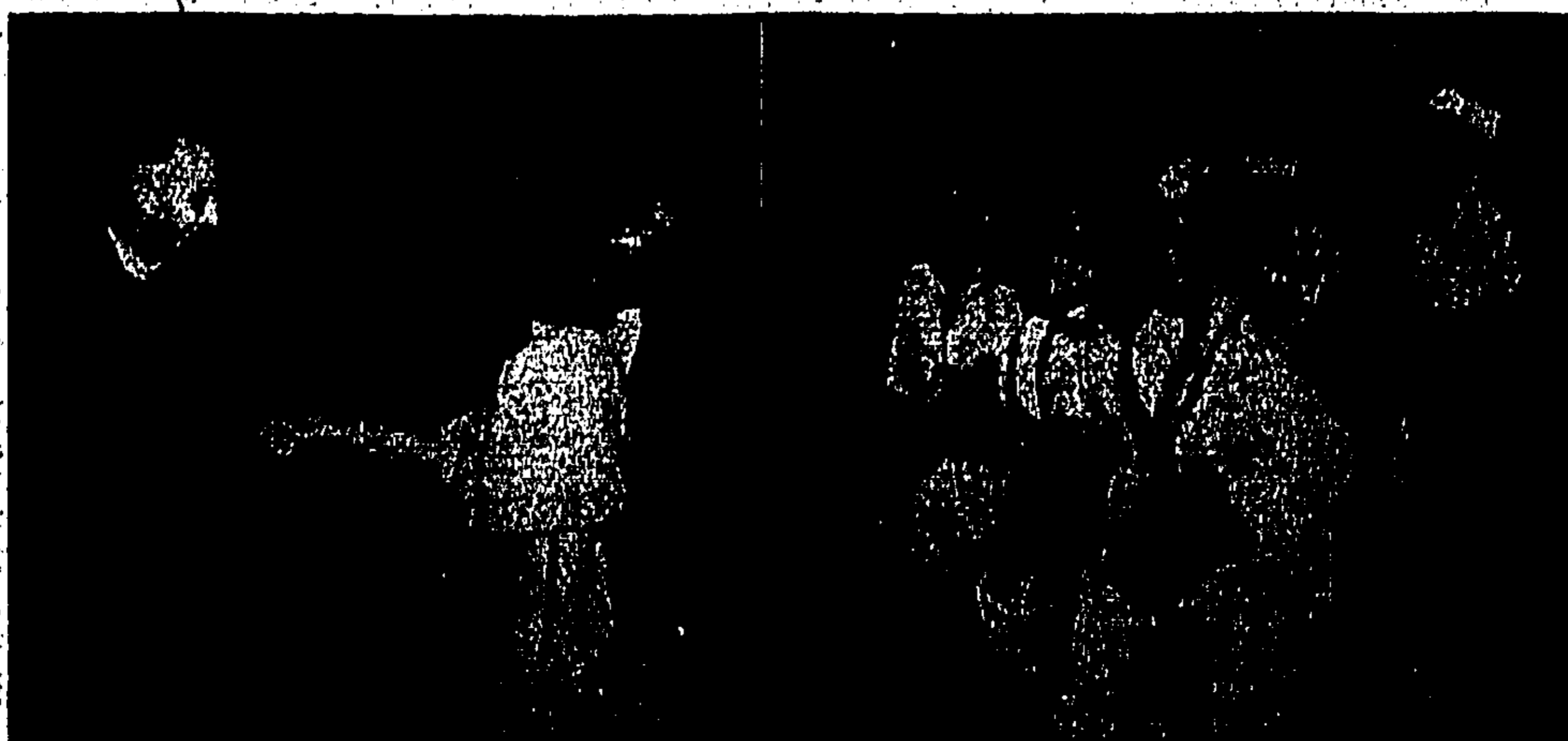
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BRENDA, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E. D. Graham, was christened at the Union Church last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: The Rev. Fr P.J. Howatson, Chairman of the Boys and Girls Clubs Association, welcoming Lady Grantham on her arrival at the Repulse Bay Hotel to attend the Shangri-la Ball. On the right, some club children taking part in the floor show. (Staff Photographer)

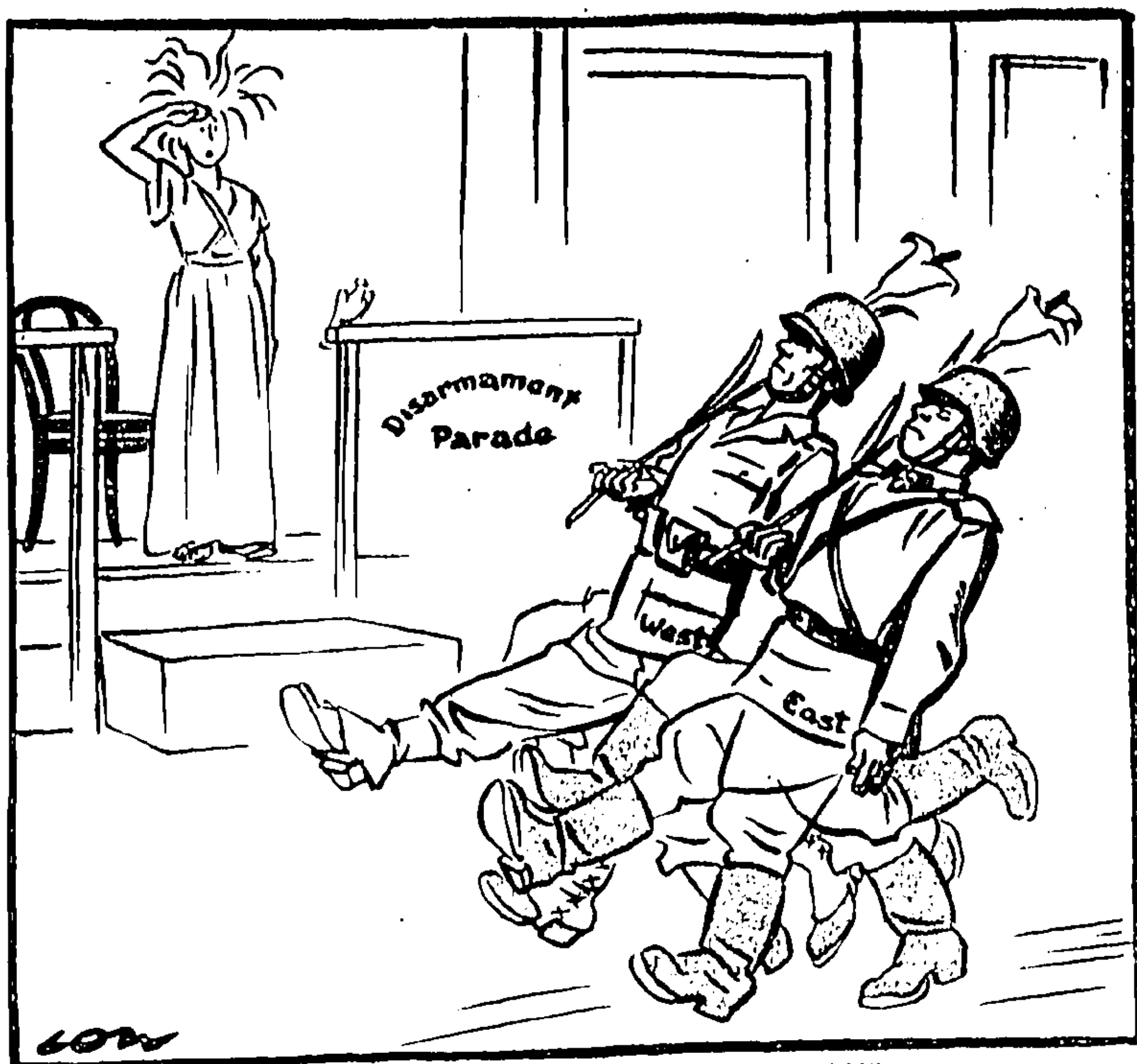


Right dress for formal days

For Weddings, Christenings, Garden Parties, etc., the formal morning coat may be in grey or black, may have a.b. or d.b. style lapels, and may have one or two buttons. Waistcoat can be buff, white, cream, lavender or matching, and can be single- or double-breasted. With a grey coat the trousers are grey, and with the black coat they can be striped or checked in black and white. They have no turn-ups. Shirt looks best if it is white; but neat stripes can be affected or plain colours in cream, pale blue or grey. Collar must be white but can be the wing style or a stiff turned down double. It must be detachable. A cravat is worn with the wing collar and with the double collar an open-end tie in grey, black and white, or to tone with shirt. Keep the design and colours very quiet. A stick pin is required and the plain pearl is best, though other unostentatious forms are acceptable. Cuff links, cravat safety pin and studs should be of metal, preferably gold. Black leather shoes (not patent), and gloves can be yellow, white, grey or biscuit (depending on ensemble) and of chambray or cape.

Socks of silk, cashmere or lisle in grey or black (or mixtures of grey and black with a black coat). Formal cane or rolled umbrella. Grey or black hat. Coloured carnation. At weddings gardenias can be worn.

MACKINTOSH'S



LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT-RIGHT-

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

Spotlight on one half of the "Heavenly Twins"
who will be in England next Wednesday

THE MADMAN AND HIS MAD MONUMENT

by
Les Armour

IMAGINE yourself an archaeologist of thousands of years hence sifting through the soil where Moscow once stood. You know that, somewhere at hand, a great city—once the capital of a great labyrinth of tunnels. You expect to find bricks and stones, perhaps some battered fragment of a crude twentieth century machine.

Instead, you suddenly come upon the ruins of a great labyrinth of tunnels and, among them, you find traces of massive murals—as grand and as vivid as anything ever devised for a Byzantine emperor or an Egyptian god.

A miracle

Your first thought must be that here lie the traces of a madman who worshipped a mad god, and that this was some temple for the practice of terrible underground rites. The man must have been mad, you will reason, for Moscow lies upon shifting, loose, boggy soil. This great temple could only have stood for a fleeting few score years at best before it vanished for ever. Indeed, it must have been a miracle if it stood at all.

In a sense you would be right. The "madman" was Nikita Sergeyevich Krushchev, his mad god was Progress. But the ruins will not be those of a temple. They will be those of the Moscow underground.

The engineers said that an underground railway in Moscow was an impractical farce. But Nikita Krushchev said it was an urgent necessity: London had a "metro", New York had a "subway". Could Moscow be shamed in the eyes of the world?

A terror

Moscow must progress. And so Moscow got an underground—the most grandiose underground in all the world.

Its decor would make a Byzantine palace look like a monastery by comparison.

It has been a terror to the engineers who must maintain it. But it is a



KRUSHCHEV BEFORE THE MICROPHONE

mighty monument to Progress.

For doing the impossible Nikita Krushchev was awarded the Order of Lenin, Russia's most coveted honour.

That episode may provide a vital key to Krushchev's personality. Material success and mechanical progress provide two of his strongest motivations. But, more than that, Krushchev wants to be admired, to dazzle, to stand out among the crowd.

His career, curiously, parallels the rags-to-riches fables which are so much a part of the American tradition, and his scale of values is not far distant from that of the heroes in the fables.

Breadbasket

He was born at Kalinkovo, near Kursk, in the north-central region of the Ukraine, on April 17, 1894. The geography is important because it has played a major role in his career.

The Ukraine—the rich breadbasket of modern Russia—has always been easy prey for invaders. The Russians and the Poles slaughtered one another over centuries for its possession. And the Ukrainians hated both. Hitler rolled through it—backed, for a time, by the Ukrainians themselves, who reasoned that the new master could hardly be worse than the old.

The old had been none other than Nikita Krushchev. Krushchev had become their master by the simple expedient of making himself one of the few Ukrainians who could be trusted absolutely by the Russians.

But all that comes later in the story.

Nikita's father was a coal miner. He was poor, illiterate and sometimes desperate. Nikita became a shepherd boy. He, too, was illiterate.

But great things were afoot in Russia, and the case of them

spread into the Ukraine in the years before the First World War. Nikita listened and pondered.

By 1918, with the coming of the revolution, he had become a member of the Communist Party. By then, too, he had made his first big step up in the world—he had ceased to herd sheep and learned the plumbing trade. In a part of the world where pipes were becoming numerous and plumbers all rare, he was an important man.

He became active in the local party, worked hard, earnestly, even fanatically. In the end it got him where he wanted. He was sent to Moscow's Industrial Academy to study engineering. He had always dreamed of becoming an engineer. But there was more to it than that. The Academy was Stalin's personal preparatory school, and it was intended to produce the rulers of the new technocracy.

Cut-throat

Krushchev, ex-shepherd boy, ex-plumber, showed himself more than able to hold his own in the cut-throat politics of the big city. His first act was to take over the Academy's political organization. That attracted the attention of Kaganovich, the rough, tough boss of the Moscow party machine.

Krushchev was 37 when he graduated from the Academy. That was in 1931. Three years later he was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The next year he was first secretary of the Moscow Party. The shepherd boy had become political boss of the big city and, as a member of the Central Committee, one of the handful of men who controlled the nation.

What happened in those few years?

Two important things. One was that Stalin had established himself as an absolute dictator. The other, the Ukraine was becoming dangerously restive.

Ever thought with longing how you would like to get away from it all? Ever had a dream about escaping to a remote tropical island? Here is one man who has achieved this.

A 15-YEAR LEASE ON SOLITUDE

By DANIEL FARSON

NORMAN FOWLER is a handsome 29-year-old American who gives a first impression of the average boy next door. But he is far from that. His short past includes service with the American navy, which he disliked intensely, and two periods in a Greek monastery, which he found depressing.

He can now be found, with difficulty, on the remotest of the Virgin Isles where he lives a bare-foot, unclothed existence completely on his own.

This Robinson Crusoe life began in 1952 when he sailed across the Atlantic.

"In your own yacht?" I asked.

Fowler looked surprised. "Of course, I have money."

When he reached Bermuda he started to search for his new home and found it in Anegada, entirely surrounded by wreck-strewn reefs. Fowler realised this was it. Not even his yachting friends could visit him if there was no place to anchor.

PERFECT...

Anegada, probably the most isolated point in the West Indies, is 11 miles long with the highest land only 34 feet. Sub-tropical, it does not have the lush vegetation of a tropical island, but it enjoys a perfect climate.

The population is only 270, and is rapidly decreasing. Fowler is the first white man to settle there since 1834.

"What do the natives think of you?" they think I'm crazy. They're pleasant though, they respect my privacy."

"What do they speak?" "English, of course. But it's not easy to understand."

Anegada has no electricity or roads, and Fowler has characteristically chosen the remotest corner, seven and a half miles from the native settlement which he reaches by water.

"Why do all the natives live in a settlement?"

Fowler pointed to the map and the old names of Bones Bay, Captain Keel's Point, Spanish Camp, Windlass Bay and Soldiers Wash. These are now blocked by silt, but there was a time when three-masted schooners of privateers were able to raid the island for loot and slaves, so the natives moved to a settlement protected by reefs.

Much of the island is hard stone, with millions of round holes, picturesquely known as "alohs", ranging from pinpoints to 10 feet round. At Fowler's end, however, there is good agricultural land.

NO TROUBLE

"I have 30 acres and have cleared five since I moved in two years ago."

He showed me a photograph of his home, a small wooden hut which he bought in the settlement and had rafted down in sections.

"Aren't there any sharks?" "Yes, but they ignore me."

"And wild animals?"

"Iguanas," he said. "Sometimes as large as five feet and terrifyingly beautiful. No, they're no trouble, they're very shy and they are vegetarian."

"This is fantastic!" I exclaimed. "Is there nothing wrong?"

"We might have a week of heavy rain," Fowler admitted, "and then there are millions of mosquitoes, and sand-flies."

STUDIES

Sleeping in a hammock, living without a watch, only occasionally wearing clothes, balancing his days between physical work and mental study, Fowler has found contentment.

Why has he turned his back on civilisation?

"My studies," Fowler tried to explain, then but I could only grasp the word metaphysics. "I'm trying to reduce distraction to the minimum," he said, "to achieve a more profound insight."

"Don't you miss companionship?"

Fowler shrugged.

"Will you ever allow anyone to stay with you?" I asked.

He shrugged again. "Certainly not," he said emphatically.

"What do your family think?"

"That I'm out of my mind," he replied happily.

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The first put Stalin in very real need of unshakable allies in top posts. The second put Stalin in even more urgent need of a Ukrainian who could be trusted to clean up the Ukraine.

Unbeatable

Krushchev was an obvious choice. He owed everything to the party—the party which had educated him, fed him, given him power. He was unlikely to waver. He was a politician, pure, simple and proud. He was now educated in the arts of material progress. The combination, surely, was unbeatable. In addition he had proved his ability, both in the Ukraine and in the rough and tumble of political life.

In 1938—already tried and tested in high office under close supervision—he was sent back to the Ukraine and given a free hand to clear up the mess. From 1938 onwards the form of deviation known to the Communist world. The rebels, by turns, were Czarists, Mensheviks, Trotskyites—anything to disrupt the hated Russian machine.

With Krushchev came something much nearer a slaughter than a purge. He did the job calmly, coolly, always legally; but Ukrainians by the tens of thousands disappeared to Siberia, and by the hundreds had their skulls smashed by the executioner's bullet. The anti-Stalinists were left leaderless.

Desperate

Whether Krushchev entirely approved or not no man can say. He had his orders and he executed them promptly and efficiently. The unpleasant truth was that Russia was in danger of losing the Ukraine, and the breakdown of the Ukraine would have meant the collapse of the Soviet economy, and perhaps the end of the Soviet Union.

Desperate situations require desperate measures, and Nikita Krushchev has always been a realist. Perhaps the West would do well not to forget that fact. In 1939 Krushchev became a member of the Supreme Praesidium of the Soviet Union—a formalisation of his role as a member of the Party's Central Committee.

He was very near the top. He might easily have fallen when the Germans marched through the Ukraine and that land of now purified souls produced traitors by the thousands. He did the obvious thing. In 1941 he was commissioned Lieutenant-General and put in charge of guerrilla defence in the Ukraine.

With a tiny army of personally-picked men, he developed one of the most skilful sabotage organisations in history. The Germans could only retaliate by the wholesale slaughter of the Ukrainian population. The new masters were thus made worse than the old, and the Ukrainians turned in full fury and harassed Hitler's men with everything they had learned over the centuries.

The tide of the battle for Russia was stemmed, and the Soviet Army was able to turn

it. Krushchev was once again a hero.

After the war he went back to Moscow and sat quietly waiting—and working at industrial planning. When Stalin died, his personal successor Malenkov took over. But Malenkov did not dare to take on both Stalin's old job—Secretary of the Party and Premier of the nation. He chose to be Premier and gave the secretaryship to his brother-in-law, Krushchev.

Malenkov gambled on the assumption that old hands were stronger than old politicians. He introduced a moderate policy designed to please the technocrats.

Man of power

He gambled wrongly. He could not control the machine. The politicians just didn't co-operate, and the gap between titular power and actual power widened. The man holding back was Krushchev.

Malenkov either gave up or was told to give up. Krushchev, the dutiful brother-in-law, has apparently seen to it that things have not gone too badly with Malenkov. He can afford to be generous.

For Krushchev is still the man with the power. He is an old-school politician who knows all the political ropes and who has gathered, over the years, all the political strings into his hands. At the same time he, too, is a technician—and a technician who started at the bottom and grew with the revolution. He is the symbol of the Communist success story.

He has been too clever to try to repeat Stalin's coup. He learned, at first hand, how much blood had to be shed to establish a personal dictatorship—and just how risky the operation was.

He has profited from Lenin's warning: in an industrial society dictatorship cannot last for ever. For every new step in the industrialisation process requires an educated man to control it. And every educated man is potentially a thinking man who must, in the end, rebel against tyranny.

Decidedly Krushchev really does believe in the ideal of Material Progress. He really is interested in the technocratic paradise.

His methods

Whatever his official job of the moment over the past 20 years, he has, in to take a leading hand in every new industrial programme devised by the planners. In a country where the price of failure is usually death and always a lengthy prison term, a man must really believe in the goal to take responsibility when he could easily avoid it.

The only one of his many accomplishments which he lists in his autobiography is the construction of the Moscow Underground.

It really is his temple. What he wants now are more temples for the same god. And, if he can get them by being liberal, then he will be liberal.

If he cannot, he is a master of the other method. Remember the Ukraine.

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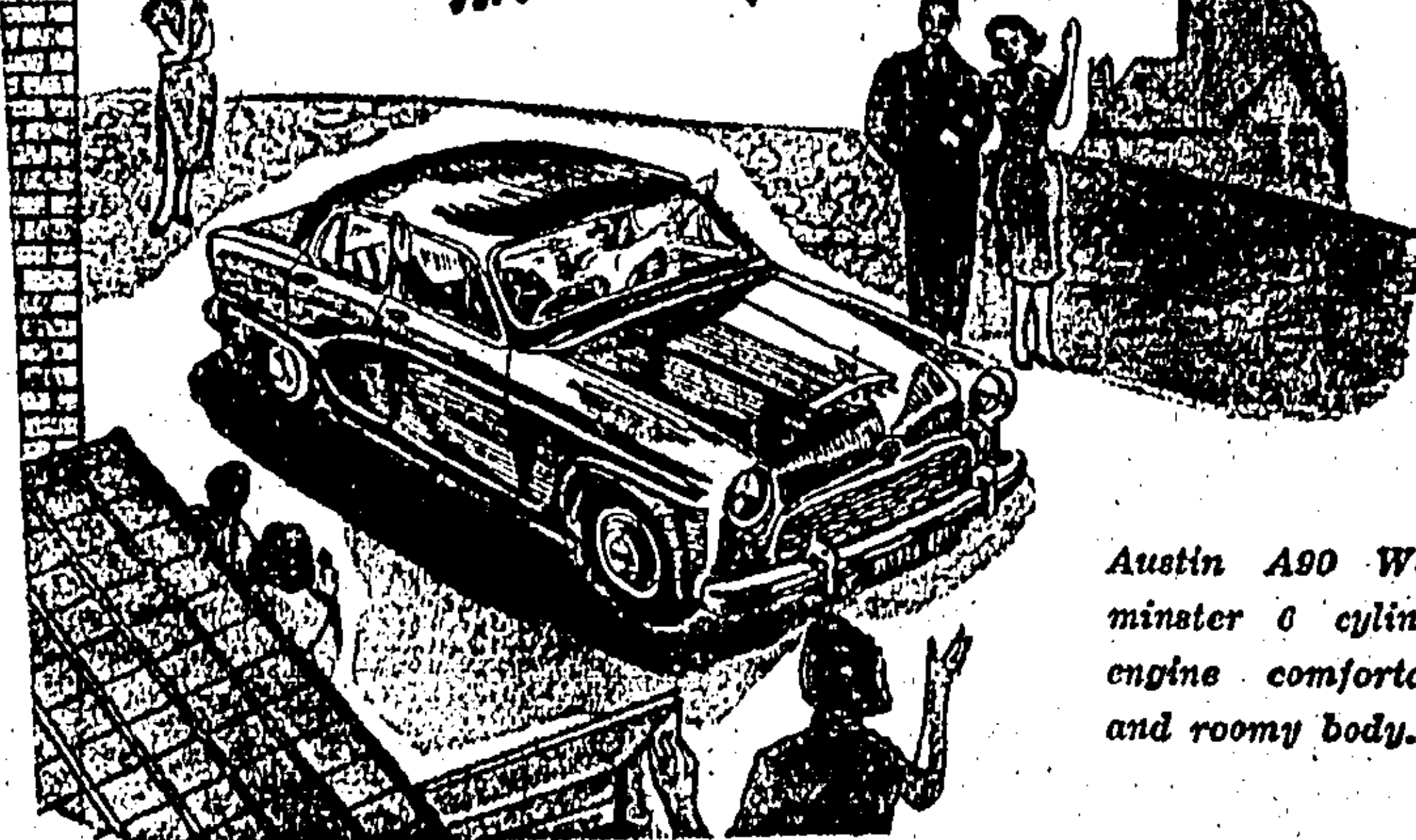
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MISS SAGAN HAS WRITTEN ANOTHER NAUGHTY HIT

REMEMBER the "Bonjour Tristesse" girl, 19-year-old Francoise Sagan? — author of last year's most talked about best seller?

Well, she has done it again. I have just put down her new novel, **UN CERTAIN SOURIRE** (Julliard, 500 francs, in the French edition, to be published in London this summer by John Murray).

BOOKS... by NANCY SPAIN

And I think it will create an even greater stir in London and in New York than "Bonjour Tristesse." And that "naughty" little book made £50,000 for its author....

This new novel is all about a girl called Dominique in her teens who falls in love with a man called Luc, in his 40's or 50's. Luc has charm and a nice fat wife.

He takes Dominique to the South of France with him. They have a 15-day "honeymoon." Then, more or less unperturbed, he goes back to his wife. And he doesn't telephone Dominique for some days. That is when she realises that she is in love with him.

The effect

THEN he announces that he is going to America. That is when she tells him that she is in love with him.

She weeps. He says he would give anything "To love me?" she demands. "Yes," he says, and asks her pardon.

And when he comes back from America (she sees him in his motor-car in the street and knows that he is back, poor kid), he doesn't telephone again. As these days go by she begins to stop loving him.

When he does telephone she is listening to Mozart.

"How are you?" he says and, "Will you have a drink to-morrow?" and she says yes. And when she gets back she is vaguely vexed that she has missed the end of the Mozart and she thinks "has the same effect upon her always as dawn, or death, or a certain way of smiling."

Quality

She goes up to her room and looks at herself in the mirror. Well she says to herself, I have loved a man. "That's nothing to make faces about really." But for her it is a little death of the spirit because, you see, she no longer loved the man.

Now why is this story going to sell even more than "Bonjour Tristesse?" Partly, of course, because it, too, is "naughty." Very few English people will contemplate the idea of a girl of 17 going away with a man of 50 without a shock of horror.

Then there is the quality of Francoise Sagan herself, the teenage writer who knows all about the pitiful simplicity of the teenage heart and mind.

Dominique, her heroine, is bored, bored by people of her own age. She hates faces that have no lines on them. She is fascinated, thrilled, by the attention of her elders.

Francoise Sagan's work reminds me so much of Colette. And the greatest of Colette's novels was "Cheri," the story of a young man completely destroyed by an older woman. Well, here is "Cheri" again, the story of a young girl almost destroyed by an older man. But not quite... not quite.

There's only one thing. John Murray, her English publishers, have not yet decided upon a title. Can you think of one better than "A Certain Smile?"

Guilty Fascist

TREACHERY is the big fictional subject of the moment. Last week we had Mr Richard Llewellyn dodging away at it. This week we have a far more moving attempt by Mr Ernest Raymond.

Ernest Raymond's most readable novel, **THE LORD OF WENSLEY** (Cassell, 15/-), tells the cautionary tale of Michael Townes, a young Fascist who went to Germany and broadcast against us, like Lord Haw-Haw, and then pleaded guilty to a charge of high treason.

Michael Townes was the adored son of the Government son of a publican (his pub is called The Lord of Wensley, hence the title of the book) in Balham. His mother spoiled him, his sister worshipped him. His father, a hot-headed and belligerent man, could never come to terms with him.

Michael Townes, spoiled, dignified, warm-headed, intense, sentimental, hangs because he is determined to plead guilty.



FRANCOISE SAGAN

I found the trial scenes, the scenes in Germany, brilliantly done and deeply disturbing. But even Mr Raymond's artistry can't convince me that traitors grow in his parlours in Balham for no reason except that their mums spoil them and their dads fail to get them to Sunday School.

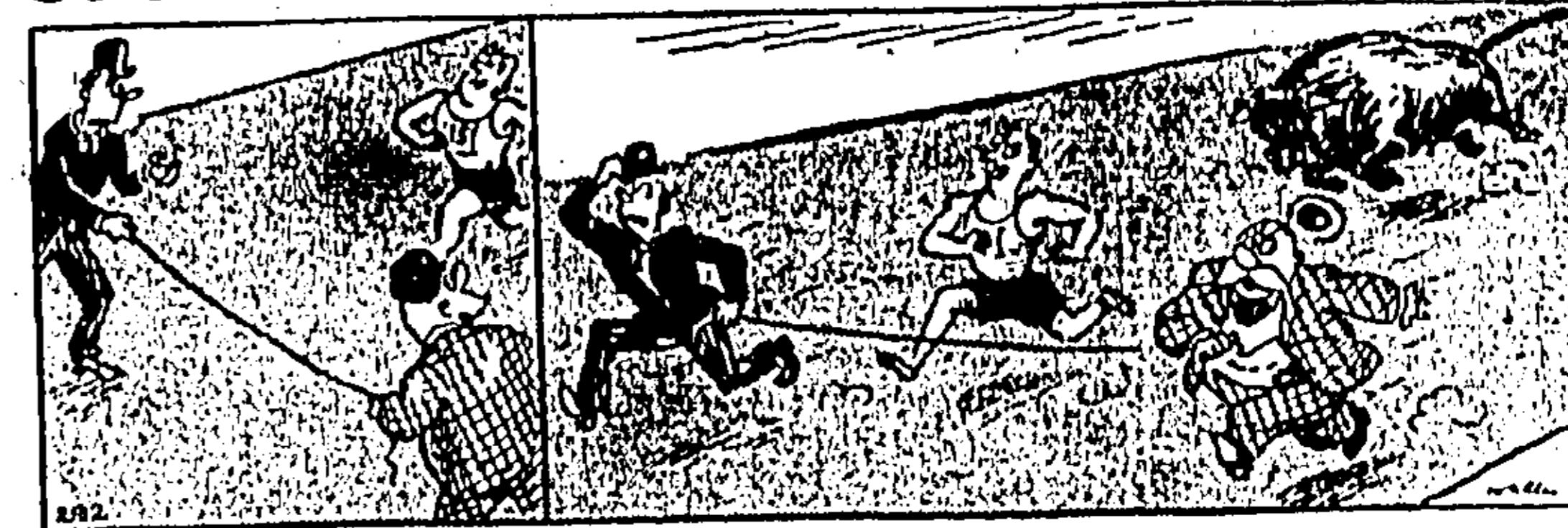
There are thousands of boys growing up like this today. Yet I bet you five bob they don't turn out like William Marshall, John Amery, Burgess, or Maclean.

QUICK FLIPS

THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER, Iris Murdoch (Chilton and Windus, 15s.), is a brilliant, muddled but in many places brilliantly written story about Mischa Fox "the enchantress" and his effect on lots of people. People like Annette (who swung on the chandelier before she left her finishing school), Rosa (who loves two Polish brothers simultaneously) and others. Miss Murdoch is the coming writer... but just the same I wouldn't recommend this book to my maiden aunt in West Hartlepool.

BACK AND THE HEAVENLY CHOIR, Johannes Ruber (Rupert Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.), is a charming fable about a Pope who plays Bach like a master and would like him canonised. This causes fearful ecclesiastical consternation. Also, alas, the Pope is rather ill. Will he stay alive until he has achieved his heart's desire?

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

FOGHORNS TO GO

The mournful sound of the foghorn may disappear from Britain's coasts and be replaced by loudspeakers which will give warning in much more musical tones. Experiments have been carried out at Falmouth and are now being made at Dungeness, Kent, with "line source" loudspeakers of the type being installed at Broadmoor as a new escape warning system. Instead of radiating sound all round, vertically and horizontally, as an ordinary siren or horn does, these loudspeakers send it out in certain selected directions.

The "fogspeakers," like the Broadmoor system, will be used to keep the sound just above ground or sea level. Experts estimate that the loudspeaker system is about thirty times as efficient as the normal fog horn.

SANDWICHES IN MOSCOW

Moscow has opened its first English-style tea room. And there on the menu stands the word "sandwiches." The Russian language has no exact translation for the word, so the restaurant is using the same word spelt in Russian characters.

Said an emigre: "No Russians would know what a sandwich looks like. They just don't have them. They should be quite a surprise to Muscovites."

On offer—fish, sausage and egg sandwiches.

AN AMERICAN "Crusade for Freedom" leaflet balloon which landed prematurely in Austria, near the Czech

ORDER, exploded in the kitchen of a farm house and seriously injured an Austrian girl.

Theresa Klein, aged 10, had found the half-deflated balloon—one of thousands released by the American "Crusade for Freedom" Committee with leaders for Hungary and Czechoslovakia—in a field near the farm.

Intending to use its silk for petticoats, she dragged it into the kitchen and started to rip it open. The escaping gas exploded, shattering the kitchen and badly burning Theresa.

There was not even enough silk left of the balloon to bandage the injured girl.

EARLY SPRING arrived ten

hours too early in Canada this year. Astronomer John Heard, who calculates the seasons for the Canadian Almanac, admitted it was all his fault. While he was reckoning up at what hour precisely Spring would arrive he added five hours to Greenwich Mean Time. He should have taken them away.

PARADE SHAPE Supreme

Commander General Alfred Gruenther barked orders in eleven languages at a parade of NATO troops last week. The General stayed up most of the previous night listening to recordings of the orders to "stand by your flags" in the eleven NATO languages. He memorised them all and was word-perfect on parade.

The occasion was a flag-hoisting ceremony on SHAPE's seventh anniversary.

The General was saved one headache—he did not have to give orders in Icelandic. Iceland has no army, and the Reykjavik government agreed to let French Republican Guards hoist their flag. So the orders were given in French.

Britain was represented by four Grenadier Guardsmen in full ceremonial dress.

With Gen. Gruenther at the saluting base were NATO Secretary-General Lord Ismay and French Premier Guy Mollet.

The four German Air Force men from the West German Air Force Training Company wore field-grey uniforms and American-style steel helmets.

With other detachments of the new Wehrmacht at Fontainebleau and Dusseldorf, the Germans were taking part in their first military dress parade since the end of the war.

And they were marching with British troops for the first time since 1902, when British and German troops quelled the Boxer Rebellion in Peking.

WEDDING WARNING

There will be no Grace Kelly dolls, or a c-o Kelly wedding dresses, Grace Kelly hairdos. There will be no Prince Rainier suit styles, Prince Rainier medals, or Prince Rainier ties. Offenders who make capital of the wedding of Grace and her Prince will be prosecuted, by order.

John Edward Sheridan, the celebrated couple's Philadelphia lawyer, gave this warning in a newspaper advertisement:

It said: "Any use of the name of Grace Kelly, Prince Rainier the Third or their Seals, either directly or indirectly, for commercial purposes, or to further the sale of merchandise or other items, without the prior authority of the undersigned, is prohibited, and any violation therefore shall be vigorously prosecuted."

BREACH Spanish police arrested 32-year-old businessman just as he was about to say "I do" at his wedding. They accused him of breach of promise to ten girls within the last twelve months. He is also accused of obtaining over £20,000 from his prospective father-in-laws, after telling them he wanted the money to set up home.

But from the girl he finally married he asked nothing.

IN TWO ARMIES

A 25-year-old Barnsley man, Donald Clue of Creswell Street, Pognor, has arrived back in the town after completing two spells of National Service. After serving with the British Army in Hong Kong he was demobilised and went to America to see his sister. There, he was called up again.

By a coincidence, Donald served in both armies with the same man. He is Alec Hamilton, 25-year-old mechanic from Whitburn, near Glasgow.

Donald commented: "We served together in Hong Kong and I was amazed when I went for my medical examination for the American Army and found Alec had been called up too."

Visitors to the United States on immigration visas are liable to call-up between the ages of 18 and 26.

120-YEAR BONNET

Among the "Easter bonnets" this year was one last worn in 1836. It reappeared in an "Easter bonnet" competition at Morecombe on the head of Mrs M. C. Halswell of Great Horton, Bradford, and won a special prize. It had belonged to her great-great-grandmother.

The black velvet and straw bonnet, trimmed with beads, net and ostrich feathers, held its own among the daisies, daffodils and tulips, some worn by the 50 other contestants.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Off Duty

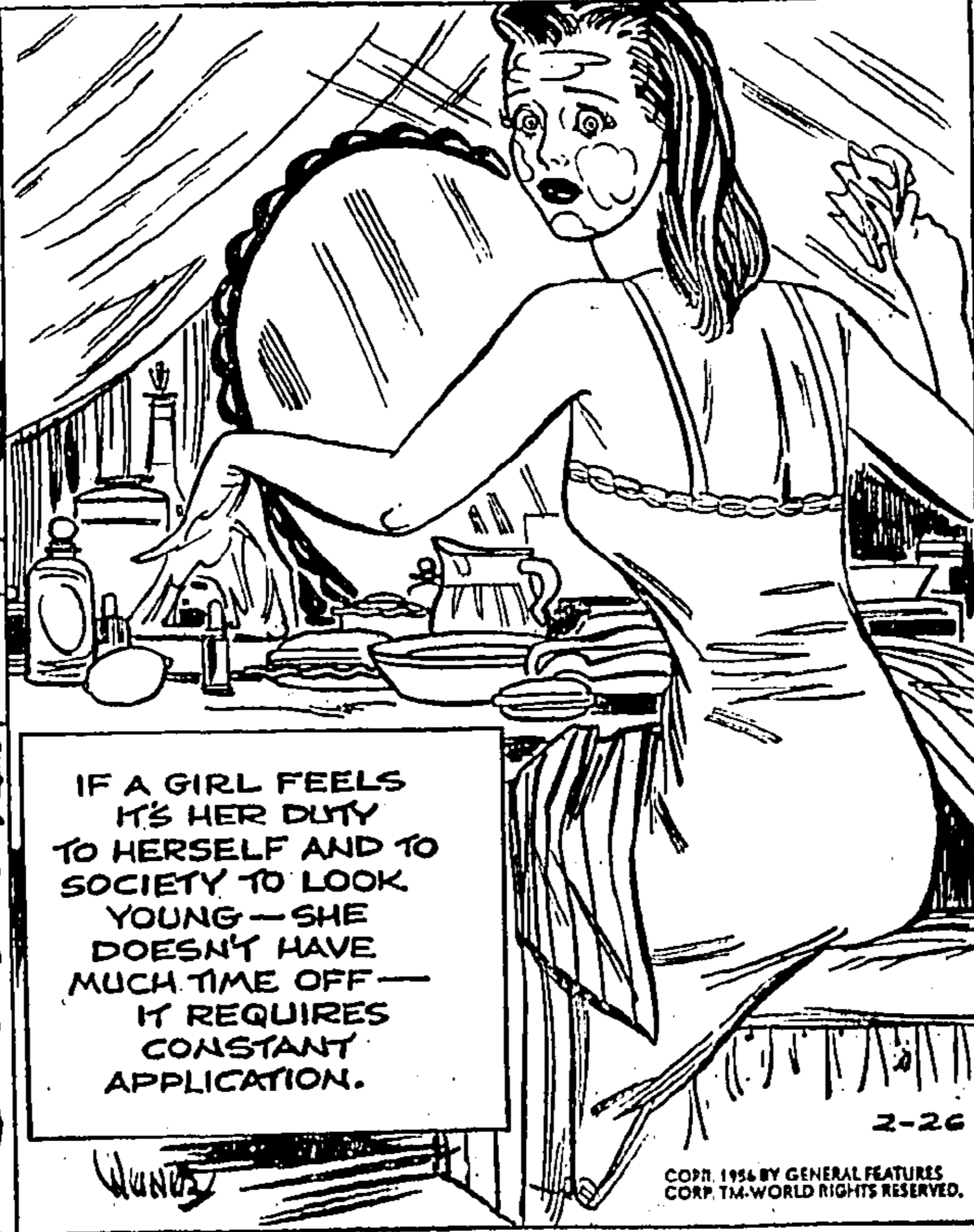
BY HARRY WEINERT



THE NIGHT WATCHMAN SITS DOWN TO A HEARTY BREAKFAST AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



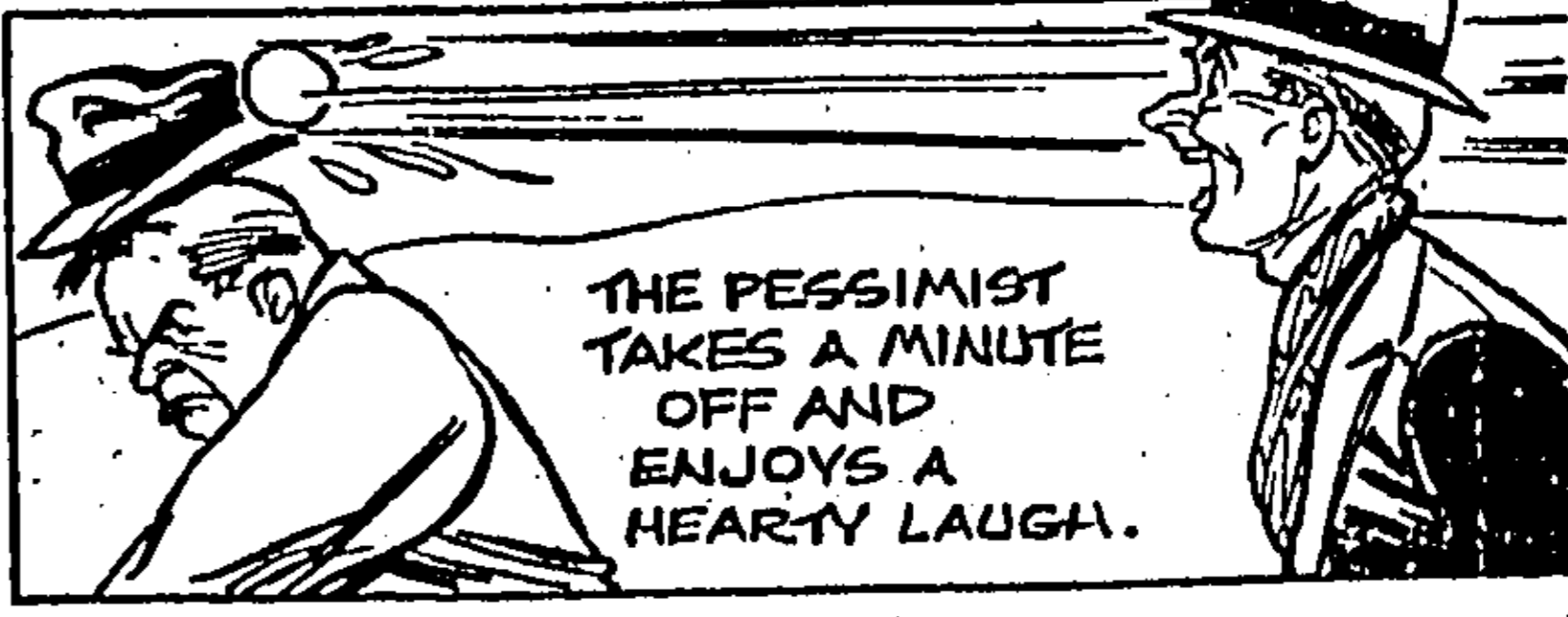
WE CAN EVEN ENJOY OUR DENTIST'S JOKES — WHEN HE'S OFF DUTY, THAT IS.



IF A GIRL FEELS IT'S HER DUTY TO HERSELF AND TO SOCIETY TO LOOK YOUNG — SHE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME OFF — IT REQUIRES CONSTANT APPLICATION.



THE VELVET VOICED TV ANNOUNCER CAN RELAX AND TALK NATURALLY.



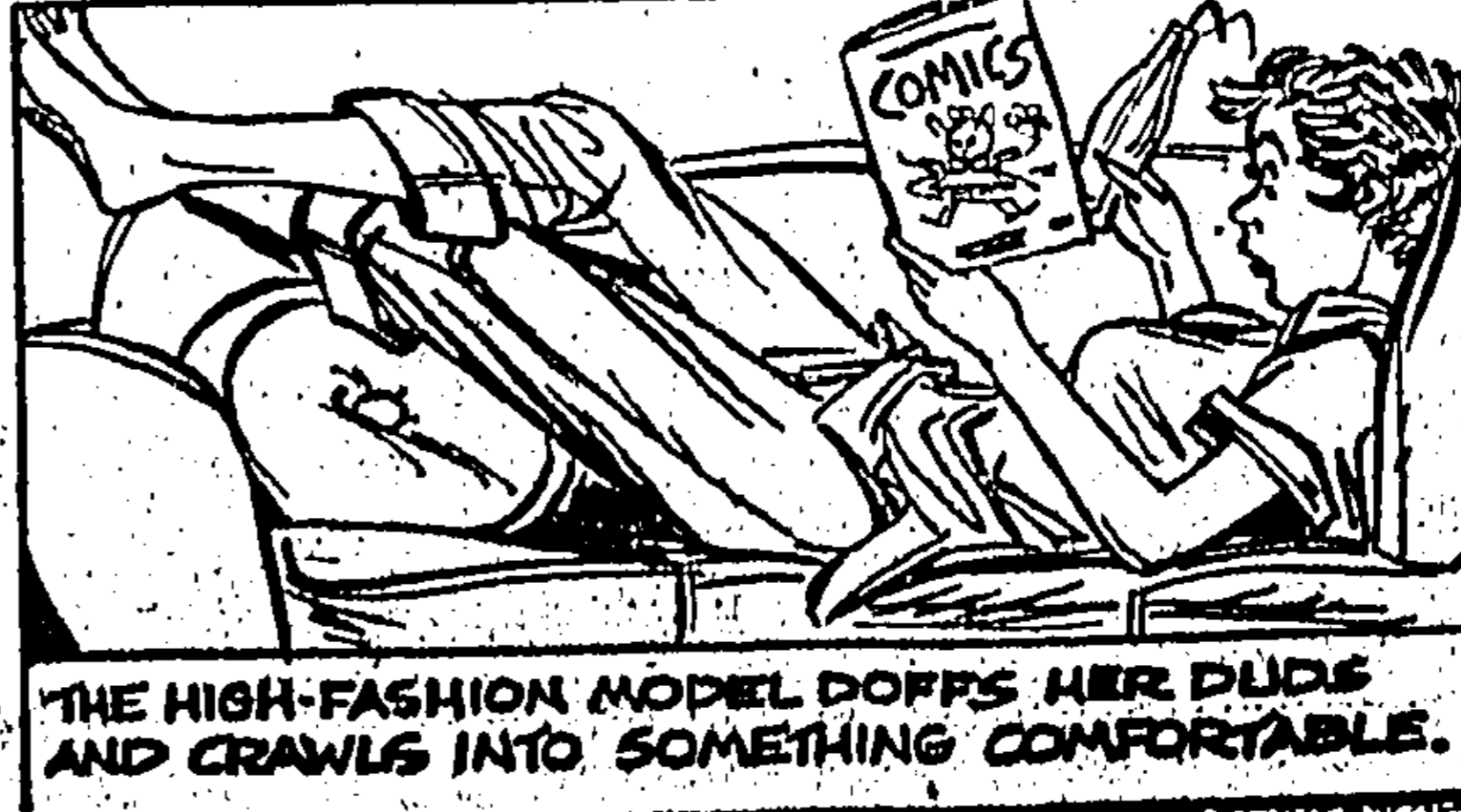
THE PESSIMIST TAKES A MINUTE OFF AND ENJOYS A HEARTY LAUGH.



THE WOMAN'S CLUB LECTURER AND CULTURAL GUIDE HAS A SESSION AT HIS OWN CLUB.



THE THEATRE BOX OFFICE MAN CAN THROW OFF HIS PROFESSIONAL AIR AND BE CIVIL.



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

"Wings Over The Sea" - Feature

The Fleet Air Arm

IRENE KOHLER
RECITAL

At present in the Colony is Irene Kohler, one of the most eminent English pianists of today. Having won a scholarship at the Royal College of Music at the age of 17, she studied with Arthur Benjamin, and many awards followed, including the Challen Medal; the Danreuther Prize two years in succession, and a travelling scholarship to Vienna.



Irene Kohler, the English pianist, who will give a recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Monday evening at half past nine.

Her first professional engagement was at Bournemouth in 1933, where she played Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto under the baton of Sir Dan Godfrey. As a result of this concert, she was immediately engaged by the BBC to give the first broadcast performance of Jean Wiener's Franco-American Concerto. Since then, Irene Kohler has played with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, and in the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts.

Last year, Irene Kohler started on a tour of the East, and has recently been playing to packed houses in Australia, Singapore and Malaya. On Monday evening at half past nine, Miss Kohler will broadcast a recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong, given before an invited audience. She has chosen for her programme Two Sonatas by Scarlatti, and Beethoven's Sonata in F Minor, Opus 57 (Appassionata).

"Wings over the Sea"

On Monday, Radio Hongkong's commentators will be going to sea on board HMS "Albion" to watch a demonstration of Naval Flying, and to see other aspects of the Fleet Air Arm in action. At nine o'clock the same evening, "Wings over the Sea" will feature recordings, interviews, and descriptions made aboard this most modern aircraft carrier by Timothy Birch.

Schools Quiz Finals

Finals in the Jaycee-Radio Hongkong Inter-school Quiz, both English and Chinese versions, will be held at the Queen's College Auditorium next Thursday. The Chinese Quiz will be broadcast over Radio Hongkong's Chinese service from 8.45-7.15 p.m., and the English Quiz will be broadcast from 7.30-9.00 p.m.

Competing teams for the English Quiz will be those representing St. Joseph's College, and Wan Yau College. Both these teams have successfully competed with other school teams in earlier rounds of the Quiz, and each won a semi-final round.

The winning teams will each receive a trophy, and team members will receive individual prizes, which will be presented by Mrs. D.J.S. Crozier, after the broadcast.

Talent Show

Only one more full week to go before "Beginners' Pioneers" second series goes on the air, and only a few days before the first audition, which will be held on Wednesday, April 19, at 8.30 in the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong.

Up-to-date news on what's going on in America comes from a famous British columnist, Don Iddon, who amongst other things, discusses the atom bomb explosions in Nevada, and the Presidential Election.

"This Week", which is edited and produced by Timothy Birch, is on the air at 7.30 tonight. (Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.

12.30 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMME.

2.00 "JUST FOR YOU." Requests programme presented by Paula.

3.00 "A LIFE OF BLISS"—WRITTEN BY GODFREY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 7.

3.30 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Joan Evans.

4.00 "THE BOY FRIEND" (SANDY WILSON). Sung by the Principals, and Chorus of the London Production.

4.30 LECUONA CUBAN BOYS.

5.00 UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda. Calling: "D" Platoon "H" Company. R.A.S.C.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.

6.30 MOVIE THEMES FROM HOLLYWOOD. Directed by Timothy Birch.

6.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Commentary from the Club Ground.

7.15 CAVALCADE OF MUSICAL COMEDY. The Stevens (Mezzo-sop.) & Robert Merrill (Baritone). You and the Night and the Music; I'm in the mood for love; Just one of those things; I'll love you.

7.30 "THIS WEEK." News, reports and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.

7.55 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.

8.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.15 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT. Diane Adrian with chorus and orchestra, conducted by Alan Greene.

8.30 FUTURE. Phil, Hilly, Cherie, Canon Church, Desiree, Tonia, No. 2, Ayman, Ibo, Lela, Choucouine, Mende, Mande.

8.45 MORTON GOULD AND HIS ORCHESTRA. "Famous Operettas."

9.00 THE GOON SHOW. Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The Sinking of Westminister Pier."

9.30 SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Drig Young. Produced by John Wallace.

10.00 MOZART CENTENARY PROGRAMME. Confronted by Wynford Vaughan Thomas.

10.30 THE SATURDAY STORY. "Hunters Little Demon" by Judith Ash. Read by Roger Needell.

11.00 RADIO DANCE DATE. A wonderful - Sydney Lipton's Orchestra. You too, you too, the story of Tina - Sydney Lipton and his Orchestra. The story of Tina - Sydney Lipton and his Orchestra. The story of Tina - Sydney Lipton and his Orchestra.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL.

11.35 WEATHER REPORT.

11.40 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS. NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.15 MORNING MELODY.

10.30 LIGHT VARIETY.

11.00 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH. Preacher: the Rev. Father F. Crutten.

11.30 MUSICAL MOMENTS. Romance Op. 28 No. 2 (Schumann); Toccata (Schumann).

12.00 noon MASTERS OF MELODY. Eddie Robinson and his orchestra. The music of Archibald Joyce.

12.30 p.m. POPULAR CONCERT. 1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.05 FRED WARRING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.35 SPORTS TIME.

1.55 HISTORICAL REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.

2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. Ferruccio Tagliavini (tenor). Donald Voonhoven's Orchestra.

3.00 HAWAII CALLS. (Orchestra. Directed by Hilary).

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12.30 HAWAII CALLS. (Orchestra. Directed by Hilary).

Commentary from the Club Ground. 7.15 BOSTON POP ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

7.30 THE FORTUNES OF NOEL. By Sir Walter Scott.

8.00 THE FORTUNES OF NOEL. By Sir Walter Scott.

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9.30 "A FAMILY AFFAIR." A comedy of the future, an international collaboration prepared by United Nations Radio. No. 1. A Law among Nations.

10.00 "BOX 200." Bert Gillett at the organ.

10.30 POPULAR CLASSICS. The Impassioned Overture (Mozart).

11.00 LONDON SYMPHONY ORCH. Conducted by Josef Krips. Variations on a Nursery Song, Op. 25 (Debussy).

11.30 CYRIL SMITH (piano) and the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

12.00 "VIEWPOINT." A weekly magazine devoted to the Arts, edited and introduced by Janet Tomblin.

12.30 WEATHER REPORT.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.

1.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.15 EVENING STAR. Asparto Paris De Prullers (soprano).

1.30 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

1.45 A programme of Latin American music.

2.00 WINGS OVER THE SEA. A feature programme about the Fleet Air Arm recorded aboard HMS "Albion" by Timothy Birch (narrator).

2.30 PIANO RECITAL. (CONCERT HALL). By Irene Kohler.

Two Sonatas by Scarlatti; Sonata in F minor Op. 57 (Appassionata) by Beethoven.

10.00 THE GOON SHOW. Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The Sinking of Westminister Pier."

Repeat of last Saturday's broadcast.

10.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS.

11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Melody by Paul Liner. Melodies by Le Fall and Jean Gilbert.

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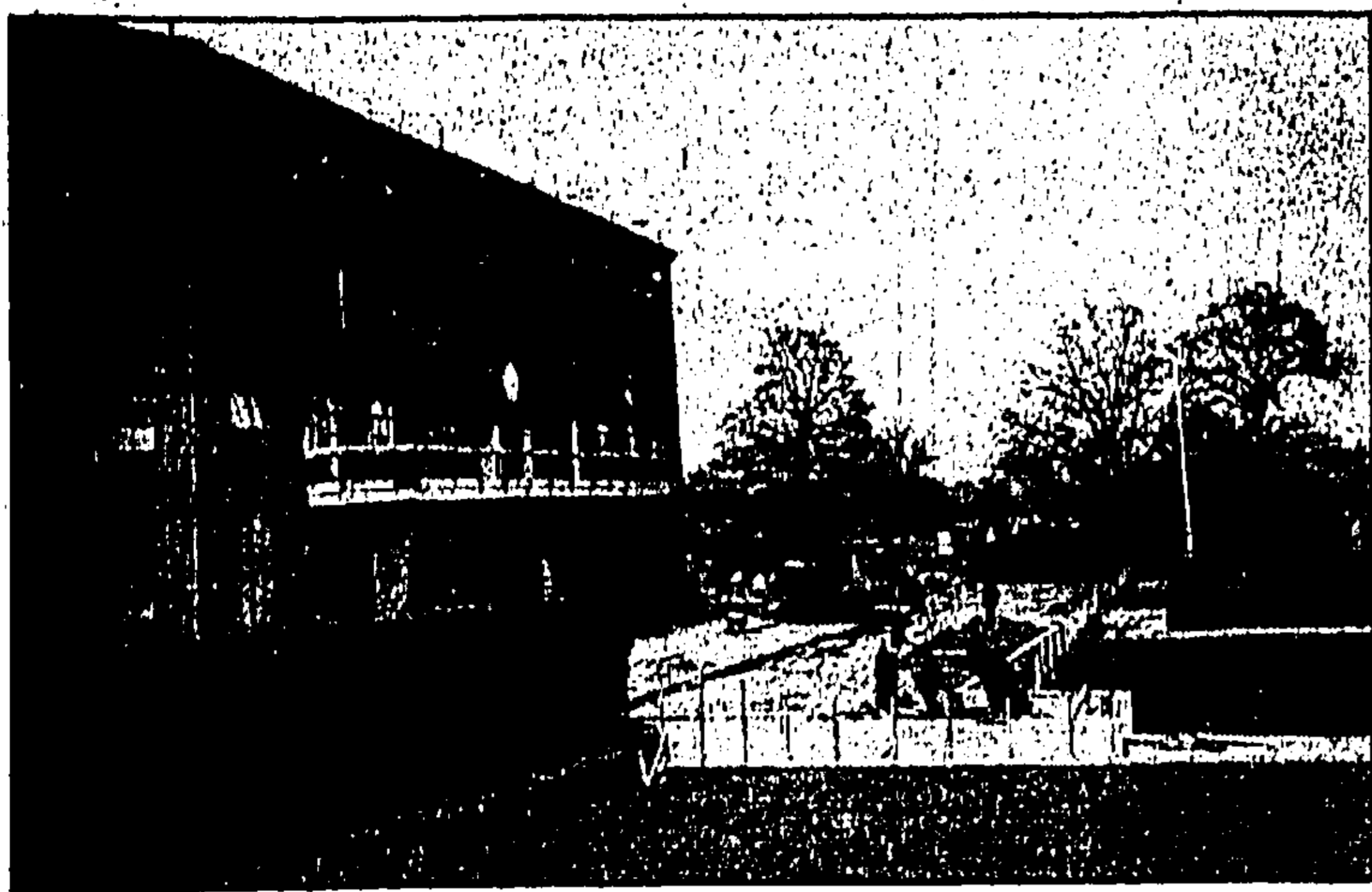
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GOOD NEWS FOR WIMBLEDON FANS



As the result of reconstruction now going on at Wimbledon, there will be more room for the thousands who throng this increasingly popular rendezvous. The main terrace in front of the clubhouse entrance is being widened by several yards, by cutting into courts four and five. These two courts will not be reduced in area, as there is room at the far end to make up for the encroachment. This picture shows the clubhouse on the left, and the work in progress.—Central Express Photo.

PERMANENT FLOODLIT SCHEME

SOCCER WITHOUT TEARS AT WEMBLEY STADIUM

Floodlit football by the light of a new £22,000 permanent floodlighting scheme will be a regular feature of the winter season at Wembley Stadium from now on.

The scheme, which was planned and supplied by The General Electric Co. Ltd., is the first permanent arena floodlighting system to be installed at Wembley and the largest in the United Kingdom.

The final system was chosen as a result of extensive trials with alternative systems carried out by Wembley Stadium. The GEC gave its full co-operation to Sir Arthur Elvin, Chairman and Managing Director of Wembley Stadium Ltd., and his engineers, at every stage.

The climax came on September 27 with the most important lighting test to have been made in this country. The judges of the system were independent observers including newspapermen, television engineers, and players from two London football teams.

Football fans were able to judge for themselves the quality of the new floodlighting at the London versus Frankfurt game on the evening of Wednesday, October 26, the first match to be played under the new lights.

The new Wembley floodlighting system was planned by GEC lighting engineers in conjunction with the GEC Research Laboratories at Wembley. It consists of 102 floodlights mounted 100 ft above the ground in groups of 24 on 8 towers. All groups combine to use 340 kw of lighting load. To ensure the maximum of illumination and the minimum of glare, the installation comprises a combination of four optical systems.

SPECIAL FEATURE
A special feature is an arrangement for providing, at the touch of a switch, a dramatic effect to capture the attention of spectators when the teams enter the field. Before a game and at half-time, the electrical circuit allows the lamps to be switched on at low brightness. When a match is about to begin, the illumination on the ground is increased to three times its original intensity. The result stimulates the effect of stage lighting when the curtain is about to go up.

By the light of the new GEC floodlighting system at Wembley, spectators at every side of the field can see every detail of play. Distant players stand out brightly against comparatively dark backgrounds. An inset for referees is the ease with which, by means of special wide-angle lights, the lines and linesmen are illuminated clearly in all parts of the field.

SPECIAL TESTS
To ensure full safety for spectators the floodlighting towers are constructed of welded tubular steel. Special tests carried out under the supervision of the engineering consultant to Wembley Stadium Ltd., Sir Owen Williams, included fixing a steel hawser to a demonstration tower, securing it at an angle of 45 degrees to a lorry-mounted winch and subjecting the tower to a pull equivalent to a 100 mph gale. The tower moved less than half an inch.

The tower system allows every spectator to see floodlit football comfortably, and the players' vision of the ball is first-class whether he is looking towards the goal, or across the field—for corner-kicks, throw-ins and cross-kicks. In addition, players and spectators do not lose sight of the play, even momentarily, because of the ball passing across the front of the lights.

TAYLORS SUIT
With the signing of outside-left Stanley Taylor upon his demobilisation from Army service in Germany, Southampton now have four Taylors on their books. Strangely, two are Stanley's and two are John's.

ENGLAND-SCOTLAND CLASH

THE TERRIFYING HAMPDEN ROAR CAN BE WORTH A GOAL START TO SCOTLAND TODAY

Says DON REVIE

Today the England team takes the field at Hampden Park in the great clash with Scotland. And this is the match, above all others, both the English and the Scots rate higher than any other honour.

Only those who have lived through the "Hampden Roar" know what it means. I recall my old colleague Ivor Broadis telling me: "The first time I ever stepped out on the Hampden Park pitch the 'Roar' hit me like a bomb blast. I felt shut in, as though I was in a rabbit hutch until the game got under way."

As you probably know, Ivor played two of his greatest games for England at Hampden Park, but if the atmosphere there can affect an ice cool customer like him, what might it do to England's younger players if they are picked?

Although England's young players have covered themselves with glory this season most footballers feel that against the Scots we just can't afford to do without chaps like Stan Matthews, Tom Finney and Nat Lofthouse. Matthews particularly has the Scots in a dither before he even steps on to the field.

OLD-TIMER'S HINTS

Last season I was fortunate enough to partner Stan in England's 7-2 triumph at Wembley. Before we went out, Stan told me: "This isn't as tough as Hampden, Don, because the crowd don't cheer so much—but you will probably find it pretty fast for the first 20 minutes, then the pace of the game will settle down."

These hints from experienced players like Matthews are typical of what goes on in England's dressing room at all big games. The lads who have played before

go out of their way to make the newcomers feel calm.

Even so the first 20 minutes at Wembley last season were very fast; I felt very rubbery legged, and it was quite an ordeal. Fortunately, my partner, Stan Matthews, had one of his greatest games, and we had the game won in the first 15 minutes when we overran the Scots.

There is no doubt in my mind that the game against Scotland is still the tops in the international calendar. For that reason, I think that the best method of preparing for this game would be to call the players together about 14 days before the match.

Already the FA does a great job of work in this direction, but if the lads were together for 14 days they could have a trial game against a top amateur club the week before the international so that they could run through all their moves in actual match play.

This is what the Hungarians do before their big games, and I believe it is the best way of training for an important match. In my experience of England teams, I must say that everything is done to make the players feel at ease. Mr Walter Winterbottom, the team manager, does a great deal by talking to each individual player, chattering over his style of play, his ideas, and keeping him completely in the picture about the team's plan of campaign.

In modern international football this is absolutely imperative. The senior members of the side, like Billy Wright and Stan Matthews, help the team manager in this important work. That's why I believe that against the Scots we will find some of the alleged "old timers" still retained. Without them the youngsters would, I fancy, be lost.

Make no mistake Hampden Park can be the cemetery for a youngster unless he has the older hands to reassure him on the great occasion.

OLD AND NEW?

The England team, I think, will be a well blended mixture of the old and the new. Without the uncanny influence of Stan Matthews and Tom Finney England could be struggling against the Scots.

There are other brilliant club cads—among them Stan Cullis (Wolves), Jimmy Seed (Charlton), Alec Stock (Leyton Orient), Arthur Turner (Birmingham), and Les McDowall, who has again piloted Manchester City to Wembley.

But despite all their claims, MY manager of the year is Busby—the magician of Old Trafford.

Starting from scratch, he has made United one of the most fabulous names in football—and he has done it by the old-fashioned virtues of courtesy and fair play.

—(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

As for Scotland, well they have done a great deal in recent seasons, omitting their unfortunate appearance at Wembley last season. With men like Bobby Evans, Bobby Johnstone, Lawrie Reilly, Tommy Docherty and Co., the Scots can pick a fine fighting team capable of producing brilliant football.

As an Englishman I always find it remarkable that Bobby Mitchell, the "bobby dazler" from Newcastle United, has not been capped more often at outside-left by his country. Strange, but since the days of Alan Morton and Alex Jackson, Scotland have had few match winning wingers.

It is on the wings that victory can come in this next international. Whichever team is stronger there will, I imagine, win the game. But whatever the result I hope England's young players—and surely Johnny Haynes, Duncan Edwards, Reg Matthews or some of the bright Under 23 team will figure in this international—will remember what Stan Matthews and Tommy Lawton have said so many times: "When the Hampden Roar starts—try to imagine they are cheering for you and not for the Scots."

This is the only way I know of neutralising the famous roar which can be worth a goal start to Scotland.

3,000 YEARS AGO

Chinese Emperor Was First Football Fan

With the end of the football season approaching in Britain and its advent in New Zealand, New Zealanders have been reminded that the first football fan was a Chinese emperor who lived about 3,000 years ago.

The rules then were similar to those followed today, but some details differed immensely. The ball was a sack filled with hair and the goals were two bamboo poles joined by a silk net. There were over seventy permissible methods of tackling an opponent. All the players were barefooted.

The winners were rewarded with prizes of flowers and fruit while the captain of the losing side and any of his team that could be caught were severely punished by the spectators.—China Mail Special.

13 SCOTS ON ITS BOOKS

Since Dave Halliday took over the management of Leicester City from Aberdeen the Scotsmen have crossed the Border to play for the Midland club which now has thirteen Scots on its books. Most of them are in the first eleven. Leicester, always with a strong Scottish tradition about them, have had Scots Peter Hodgson, Willie Orr, Arthur Lochhead, John Duncan and now Halliday as manager.

Matt The Miracle Man Of Soccer's Top Team

By ALAN HOBY

I want to tell you about a miracle—the miracle of Manchester United, League Champions and top team of English football. Ten years ago United were on the floor—£15,000 in the red, their famous ground at Old Trafford a blitzed ruin. But look at them today—and what do we see? We see a Manchester United with something like £50,000 in the bank and a playing staff whose collective transfer value is estimated at £250,000.

We see a Manchester United who have spent £100,000 rebuilding their bombed "dump" into one of the most luxurious and best-equipped stadiums in the country.

Above all, we see a club with the most tremendous and consistent success story in modern soccer.

Since the war United have won the Cup (1948) and the League twice—1952 and this season. They have been Championship runners-up four times. Their under-18 third team have not only won the FA Youth Cup three years in succession, they are in the semi-final for the fourth time.

MIRACLE WORKER
Yes, it is a miracle—and the miracle-worker is a soft-voiced perfectionist from Scotland named Matthew Busby.

As a player Matt was a classic wing half—captain of Scotland and widely-renowned star of Manchester City and Liverpool.

He came from Bellshill, that famed spot not far from Glasgow which produced immortal Alex James Hughie Gallacher.

But from the moment when he took over the manager's chair

at Old Trafford, Busby—known to everyone there as "The Boss"—had a dream and a plan.

YOUTH!
"It didn't come about by chance," the 46-year-old Busby told me when I saw him in Manchester last week. "It was planned policy from the start."

Long before United's wonder-team of '48 and '52 began to disintegrate—remember Johnny Carey, Jack Rowley, and Stan Pearson?—the Busby talent net had been cast far and wide.

In youth clubs and school teams promising boys were watched and noted.

When they reached Old Trafford Busby, the patient psychologist, encouraged them, trained them, and whenever necessary, pointed out their mistakes. He still does.

Yes, Busby has a deep belief in Youth. In turn, they believe in him.

A SWEAT SUIT

Indeed, after listening to him, I am convinced that in every United training Matt sees tomorrow's headlines in a sweat suit.

And how the Busby Youth Academy has paid off. Or the

present team, the two wing halves Duncan Edwards and Eddie Colman are 18. The skipper Roger Byrne is a veteran of 26, while the oldest member, Johnny Berry, is an ancient at 28!

Altogether the average age is 21. No wonder they call 'em Busby's Babs.

This, then, is the football empire of Matt Busby—family man, week-end golfer, and the most successful Scot in English football.

There are other brilliant club cads—among them Stan Cullis (Wolves), Jimmy Seed (Charlton), Alec Stock (Leyton Orient), Arthur Turner (Birmingham), and Les McDowall, who has again piloted Manchester City to Wembley.

But despite all their claims, MY manager of the year is Busby—the magician of Old Trafford.

Starting from scratch, he has made United one of the most fabulous names in football—and he has done it by the old-fashioned virtues of courtesy and fair play.

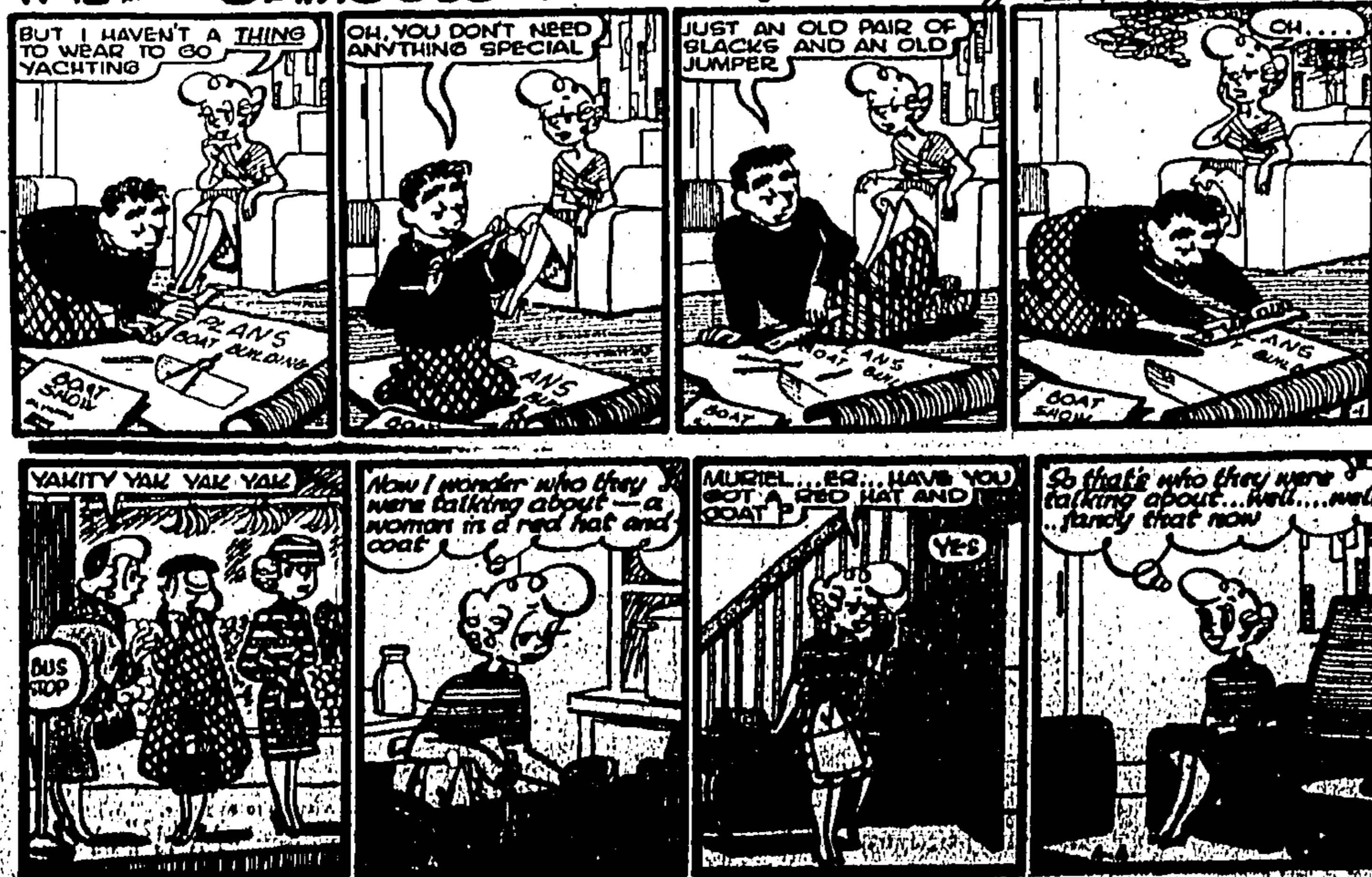
—(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Pat Burge and Ian Craig.
2. Juan Fangio.
3. Geoff Duke.
4. Birmingham and Manchester City.
5. Manchester City.
6. The equestrian events.
7. Two, Yvon Petra and Jaroslav Drobny.
8. Paganini, 1824; Jesse Owens, 1936 and Fanny Blankers-Koen, 1948.
9. Both have. Lawn tennis in 1900, Rugby Union in 1920 and 1924.
10. Jimmy Farrar, Bantamweight and Yoshio Shirai, Flyweight.

THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



GOLDEN CHURN



Romany's



For once the bookmakers are gambling, as they rush to reserve sites for "betting shops." There will be no restrictions in plenty, including...

"No Comfort" For The Racing Fraternity

By A Special Correspondent

Leading British bookmakers are already leasing premises in the big towns for betting shops, even though legislation permitting these betting shops in the United Kingdom is not expected for at least another nine months.

Some bookmakers are buying empty shops and cafes through estate agents. Others are putting down cash deposits giving them a purchase option.

Though they expect to lose money on the premises until they are operating, the bookmakers estimate that the right shop in the right area would quickly pay off the loss.

One bookmaker has put down a deposit on a small cafe in a London suburb, surrounded by seven public houses. Another is buying a green-grocery shop near a new and growing district, a district which comprises a large housing project and a dozen factories employing six thousand people.

A third big London bookmaker is particularly pleased with himself. He has bought a shop with an office overhead, right in the heart of cosmopolitan Soho. Yet another has bought one next door to a large bus garage.

FORESIGHT

Said a London estate agent: "Several firms of bookmakers have been competing for premises on our lists. We are not complaining!"

Although the bookmakers are showing foresight, for once they are also gambling. They are buying without knowing any of the stipulations with which the British Government is certain to surround legal betting shops.

These are expected to be announced when the Bill is published, and may include limitations affecting premises now being bought.

It is certain that the British Government will insist that betting shops are not made so comfortable that loiterers would spend the afternoon in them, betting on every race.

No seats will be allowed for the public and it is expected that the betting shops will have to close for a period during the afternoon. In addition, bookmakers will not be able to announce the odds to the public by chalking them up, and no winnings will be paid out during the hours of racing.

All persons under eighteen years are expected to be banned from entering betting shops.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the.....Club.

(Signed).....



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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1956.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Benjamin's Conscience

A QUEUE was forming outside the pay-office in the kitchen-quarters of the vast, busy restaurant. Benjamin attached himself to the end of it, and sighed with relief at the thought that for him another week's work was over.

Not that the working week had been a very long one. It had lasted for two days—about average for Benjamin, who did not believe in working longer than was needed to provide such essentials as a bed at a lodging house and a few meals.

Benjamin reached the cashier's window, was handed his pay, and walked away.

ALL GONE

HE really was exceptionally tired. He decided he needed a stimulant, and made for the only source of such that he knew—the nearest public house.

By the time that the landlord was calling "Now, gentlemen, please," and draping glass-cloths over the beer-engine handles, Benjamin was feeling much better—a little light-headed, indeed, and exceedingly light of pocket. All of his £2 was gone.

He walked into the street, and wondered what he could do with the rest of the afternoon. The street was full of people hurrying about their business. They looked, every one of them, to Benjamin, as if they could never have known a moment's idleness.

SELF-CRITICISM

A STRANGE sensation began to assail Benjamin. His conscience began to gnaw at him. "I'm very wrong," he suddenly thought, "I'm very wrong, spending all my money like that." And addressing himself he said: "You deserve punishment. Ben, me lad, that's what you deserve."

In this mood, his steps took him into a chain store, and there, a few minutes later, he was caught stealing three leather boot-soles, valued at 10s. 6d. The police were called. Benjamin was arrested.

At the Clerkenwell court, next morning, he pleaded guilty to the theft.

ACCOMMODATION

HE is a gnomish little man, whose bald head is fringed by a circle of off-white curls a little resembling spindrift, or rather left by an indifferent barber. As the story of his drinking afternoon was told to Mr. Frank Powell, the magistrate, he nodded glum agreement with all that was said.

"I deserved punishment," he said from time to time. "I deserved punishment, that's what. All that drinking, pooh."

"Is that what he said when he was arrested?" the magistrate asked. "That he deserved punishment?"

"No, sir, he said he wanted accommodation."

"In the Clerkenwell cells, I suppose."

"Yes, I think so. He tells me drink has been his downfall."

30 YEARS ON

"HOW old is he?" the magistrate asked. The answer was, 52.

Mr. Powell turned to Benjamin. "Look here," he said, "you may live another 30 years or more. How are you going to spend all that time? Why don't you work?"

"I do my best," said Benjamin. "But you don't," said the magistrate. "It's no good finding you, you've no money. I'll give you a chance, since you say you want to get a job. I'll discharge you conditionally."

"What?" said Benjamin, sounding dismayed.

"This way," said the gaoler and led him away, not to the security of a cell, not to the deplorable punishment he felt he deserved, but into the harsh world outside that expected a man to work for his living.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

INTREPID Bash Dash Dream Bold Bold Believe Make Make West Best Best Breast Clean Clean Anis Fan Quies Street Carve Mother Dearest Brother His Hand Bird Sitting Fitting Appropriate Appropriated State Style Young Ramp Tramp Pate Bundle Bungle Bungle Bungle Swell Tuff Off Record Dice Dash Ship HAPPY.

Printed and published by WILLIAM ALICE GREENHAWK for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria, in the Colony of Hongkong.

American Attitude Towards Philippines Criticised

London, Apr. 13. The Economist, independent weekly review, said today that the hot wind of nationalism blowing through Asia had even touched the Philippines—"that stalwart outpost of the West in the Far East."

"The Filipinos are disgruntled with the Americans over a number of things," the journal said. "They have been voicing their complaints with a robustness that is traditional in Manila."

The Economist added that criticism went beyond party lines.

The Mayor of Manila had talked about "an army of occupation" on the 14 American bases on the islands.

The Speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives had told college graduates their country was under "the heels of new oppression."

Reconsider Agreements

Nationalist and Liberal leaders in the Lower House of Parliament had combined to issue a joint statement urging the President to reconsider the agreements with the United States.

"In most countries there would be fighting words," the Economist declared. "The Filipinos' grumbles can, however, be reduced to a number of specific points. They have long been fearful over the Americans' claim to hold proprietary rights over the land on which the bases stand. The Americans have often been a little authoritarian."

The Economist pointed out that the Americans had dominated the Philippines since 1898, imposed their own taxes, and a number of miners had been arrested for working a manganese mine near an airfield in Central Luzon.

Bitterness, Too

There was bitterness, too, because 15,000 Filipino labourers employed by the Americans on Guam were not covered by the American minimum wage law.

"And, as always, there are economic undertones," the Economist observed. "The powerful sugar lobby in Manila is furious because an American Congressman has suggested cutting the import quota for sugar from the Philippines in retaliation for Manila's restrictions on the import of American tobacco."

Some Filipinos, the newspaper added, wanted to experiment with trade with China, and there had been complaints about the size of the recent \$5 million dollar American loan in comparison to help given to other Asian countries.

Scope For Diplomacy

There was scope for diplomacy, setting the grievances, the Economist added, "but the strong ties of history and economics that link the two countries are likely to prevent this outburst of nationalism from rippling into neutralism."

JAYCEES' AID FOR VIETNAM

Penang, Apr. 14. The Malayan Junior Chamber of Commerce has launched an Operation Brotherhood to help refugees in South Vietnam. Mr. Chua Hung Siew, President of the Chamber, announced here last night.

Under the project, Jaycees in Malaya will contribute ten jeeps and two trucks at a cost of 30,000 Malayan dollars. These vehicles will be used as ambulances, Mr. Chua said.

LEAKS TRIAL

Journalists Refuse Information

Paris, Apr. 13. Two French journalists, testifying before a court investigating leaks of national defence secrets today refused to identify the sources from which they got information used in articles on the Indo-Chinese war.

The journalists, Gilles Marquet and Roger Stephane, of the left-wing weekly France Observateur, told the court only that they had got their information from members of Parliament and other journalists.

The presiding judge asked: "Which members of Parliament and which journalists?"

Stephane replied: "I will not give the names."

Martinet said: "I am not an informer."

The two witnesses declared, however, that they had not received their information from the defendants in the leaks trial; three former high officials in the National Defence Ministry, and a journalist, Andre Baranes.—France-Press.

Malaya Planters' Fears Allayed

London, Apr. 13. A delegation from the British rubber industry, which went to Malaya for talks with Government representatives and leaders of the Malayan Rubber Council, arrived home by air tonight.

"We think we have allayed the fears that Malaya had about the plans to import synthetic rubber a little more than this year than last," Mr. L. J. W. Bailey, the leader of the delegation, told reporters at the airport.

Good Thing

"We pointed out that we were doing it to meet competition and to keep our export trade going."

"What at first appeared to be a bad thing for Malaya is, in fact, a good thing."

Landy Cleared By U.S. Athletic Unions

New York, Apr. 13. Dan Ferris, national executive secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, said today that all difficulties involving the appearance of Australian mule king John Landy in California next month had been cleared up.

Ferris said representatives of both the Central California AAU at Fresno and the Southern California AAU at Los Angeles had spoken to him by telephone, and had said that both associations agreed to abide by all rules involving the appearance of Landy.

Ferris said the AAU in Australia had been notified by cable that all the rules had been complied with and that Landy could proceed without further complications in making arrangements for the trip.

Landy's first race in California will be on May 5, and the other on May 12.—United Press.

JOE LUCY REGAINS CROWN

Manchester, Apr. 13. Joe Lucy (London) regained the British Lightweight Boxing Championship when the referee stopped his title fight with the left-wing weekly France Observateur, told the court only that they had got their information from members of Parliament and other journalists.

Johnston's eye was cut in the second round and he had very little fight left in him for the rest of the bout.

In the eighth and when the referee examined the gashed eye he sent Johnston to his corner.

This was the third meeting between Lucy and Johnston. When they first met in 1953, Johnston, the defending champion, lost his title by coming in overweight.

Their second meeting, with Lucy as champion, ended with Johnston regaining the crown.—Reuter.

Dublin Condemns Picture Theft

Dublin, Apr. 13. The Irish Government today condemned the stealing from the Tate Gallery in London yesterday of the painting "Jour Dete" by the French impressionist, Berthe Morisot. The painting was reported to have been stolen by Irish Nationalists on the grounds that it belongs to Ireland.

In a communique issued here, the Irish Government said that every effort would be made to find the painting. If it was in Ireland, and to return it to the Tate Gallery.

The communique emphasised that Ireland had a right to the painting—one of 30 which came to the Tate Gallery under the contested will of Sir Hugh Lane, who was drowned when the liner Lusitania went down in 1915—but that stealing was not the method by which such a claim could be established.

Not Witnessed

The Irish Government claims Ireland's right to the paintings under a codicil to Sir Hugh's will, which was declared invalid because it was not properly witnessed.

Meanwhile, Michael Davern, a member of the National Council of Students in Dublin, announced that letters had been sent to Queen Elizabeth, Premier Sir Anthony Eden, John Costello, Irish Prime Minister, and to some 60 other people, officially informing them of the "operation" and reiterating Ireland's rights to the Lane collection.—France-Press.

RAPHAEL STANDARD

Rome, Apr. 13. A silk curtain standard painted by the 14th century Italian artist, Raphael, has been found in the store room of a law court at Gubbio, near Perugia, in central Italy, it was reported today.

The standard, somewhat damaged by dust and moths, bears beautifully executed heads of Our Lady of the Pity, and of Saint Ubaldo and Saint Cristoforo, respectively patrons of the Community of Gubbio and of the Shoemakers Guild.—France-Press.

Rediffusion

12 Noon, Tune Time, 12.30 p.m. Music by Radio 1, Pipes of Melody, 1.15, News, Weather Report and Special Announcements, 1.30, Mantovani Memories, 2, Just for You, 3, Wayne King Serenade, 3.30, Secret of Scotland Yard—Narrated by Clive Brook, 4, In the Mood, 4.30, Birthday Mailbag, 5.00, Rediffusion's Jazz Club, 5.30, Melody Magic, 6.00, Football Commentary, 6.15, Navy-Direct Broadcast from the Hongkong Club Stadium, 7.10, Melody Magic (Continued), 7.30, Special Spotlight—Don Eddon, famous Columnist of the Daily Mail, 7.50, Melody Travellers, 8.15, Carol Gibbons on the Air, 8.30, Rediffusion's Voice of Sport—News and Views of the Colony's Sports and Sportsmen, 9, The Sunro Parade, 9.30, London Town, 10, Famous Court Dramas—"Ring of Roses", 10.15, Music from "Win-a-Lore", 11, Date for Dancing, 12 mid-night, God Save the Queen, Close Down.

Larsen Beats Italian Davis Cup Player

Naples, Apr. 13. Art Larsen of the United States beat Italian Davis Cupper Nicola Pietrangeli today in the quarter-finals of the international tennis tournament here, 6-2, 8-6.

The tall Italian caught the blond Californian off base several times as Larsen failed to get his service under control, but the American finally mastered him in a hard-fought second set.

OTHER RESULTS

Other results in the men's quarter-finals: Hugh Stewart, (USA) beat Luis Ayala, (Chile), 6-2, 6-3; Giuseppe Merlo, (Italy), beat Bob Perry, (USA), 6-2, 4-6, 6-3; Lewis Hood, (Australia), beat Anders Hammarley, (Chile), 6-3, 7-6.

Tomorrow, Hood will meet Merlo.

In the first round of the mixed doubles, Althea Gibson (USA) and Orlando Sirola (Italy) beat Jennifer Hood (Australia) and Eileen Hayes (Mexico) 6-7, 6-3.—United Press.

Scottish League Results

London, Apr. 13. Results of tonight's Scottish Football League matches were: Division "A": Dundee 2 Stirling 1; Kilmarnock 0 Celtic 1; St Mirren 0 Raith 0. Division "B": Dumbarton 1 Brechin 4.—Reuter.

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BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE

Agents.
Hong Kong, April 13, 1956.

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